LOOK AT NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER FOR "A WOMAN'S REMARKABLE LETTERS"

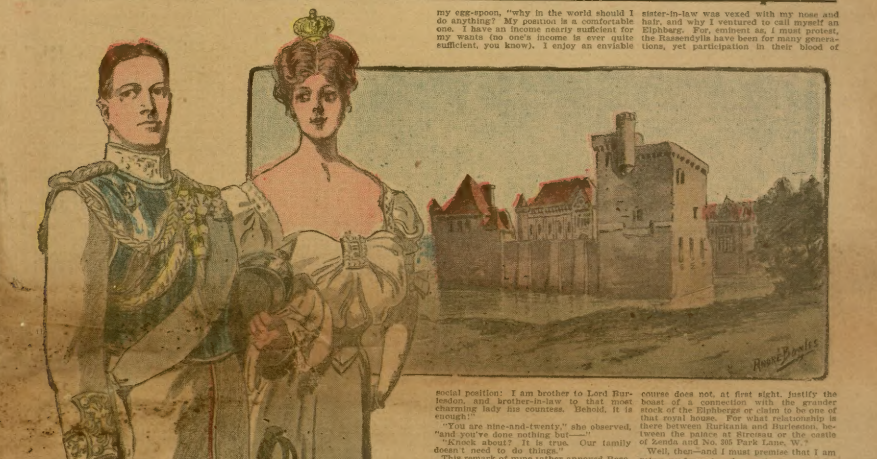
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 34. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

By . . Anthony Hope.

The Prisoner of Zenda;

Or, King Yet Not King.



[Copyright by Henry Holt & Co.]

CHAPTER I.

"I wonder when in the world you're going to do anything, Rudolph?" said my brother's wife.

"My dear Rose," I answered, laying down my egg-spoon, "why in the world should I do anything? My position is a comfortable one. I have an income nearly sufficient for my wants (no one's income is ever quite sufficient, you know). I enjoy an enviable social position: I am brother to Lord Burlesdon, and brother-in-law to that most charming lady his countess. Behold, it is enough!"

"You are nine-and-twenty," she observed, "and you've done nothing but——"

"Knock about!" It is true. Our family doesn't need to do things."

This remark of mine rather annoyed Rose, for everybody knows (and therefore there can be no harm in referring to the fact) that, pretty and accomplished as she herself is, her family is hardly of the same standing as the Rassendylls. Besides her attractions, she possessed a large fortune, and my brother Robert was wise enough not to mind about her ancestry. Ancestry is, in fact, a matter concerning which the next observation of Rose's has some truth.

"Good families are generally worse than any others," she said.

Upon this I stroked my hair. I knew quite well what she meant.

"I'm so glad Robert's dark!" she cried.

At this moment Robert (who rises at seven and works before breakfast) came in. He glanced at his wife: her cheek was slightly flushed; he patted it caressingly.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he asked.

"She objects to my doing nothing and having red hair," said I in an injured tone.

"Oh! of course he can't help his hair," admitted Rose.

"It generally crops out once in a generation," said my brother. "So does the nose. Rudolph has got them both."

"I wish they didn't crop out,' said Rose, still flushed.

"I rather like them myself,' said I, and, rising, I bowed to the portrait of Countess Amelia.

My brother's wife uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"I wish you'd take that picture away, Robert," she cried.

"My dear!" he cried.

"Good Heavens!" I added.

"Then it might be forgotten," she continued.

"Hardly—with Rudolph about," said Robert, shaking his head.

"Why should it be forgotten?" I asked.

"Rudolph!" exclaimed my brother's wife, blushing very prettily.

I laughed, and went on with my egg. At least I had shelved the question of what (if anything) I ought to do. And by way of closing the discussion—and also, I must admit, of exasperating my strict little sister-in-law a trifle more—I observed:

"I rather like being an Elphberg myself."

When I read a story I skip the explanations; yet the moment I begin to write one I find that I must have an explanation. For it is manifest that I must explain why my sister-in-law was vexed with my nose and hair, and why I ventured to call myself an Elphberg. For, eminent as, I must protest, the Rassendylls have been for many generations, yet participation in their blood of course does not, at first sight, justify the assumption of a connection with the grander stock of the Elphbergs or claim to be one of that royal house. For what relationship is there between Burlesdon and Burlesdon, between the palace at Strelsau or the castle of Zenda and No. 205 Park Lane, W.?

Well, then—and I must premise that I am going, perforce, to rake up the very scandal which my dear Lady Burlesdon wishes forgotten—in the year 1733, George II. sitting then on the throne, peace reigning for the moment, and the king and the Prince of Wales being not yet at loggerheads, there came on a visit to the English court a certain prince, who was afterward known to history as Rudolph the Third of Ruritania. The Prince was a tall, handsome young fellow, marked (maybe married, it is not for me to say) by a somewhat unusually large, sharp, straight nose, and a mass of dark-red hair—in fact, the nose and the hair which have stamped the Elphbergs time out of mind. He stayed some months in England, where he was most courteously received; yet in the end he left rather under a cloud. For he fought a duel (it was considered highly well bred of him to waive all question of his rank with a nobleman, well known in the society of the day, not only for his own merits, but as the husband of a very beautiful wife). In that duel Prince Rudolph received a severe wound, and recovering therefrom, was adroitly smuggled off by the Ruritania ambassador, who found him a pretty handful. The noble man was not wounded in the duel: but the morning being raw and damp on the occasion of the meeting, he contracted a severe chill, and failing to throw it off, he died some six months after the departure of Prince Rudolph, without having found leisure to adjust his relations with his wife —who (after two months) have an heir to the title and estates of the family of Burlesdon. This lady was the Countess Amelia, whose picture my sister-in-law wished to remove from the drawing room in Park Lane; and her husband was James, fifth Earl of Burlesdon and twenty-second Baron Rassendyll, both in the peerage of England, and a Knight of the Garter. As for Rudolph, he went back to Ruritania, married a wife, and ascended the throne, wherein his progeny in the direct line have sat from then till this very hour—with one short interval. And, finally, if you walk through the picture galleries at Burlesdon, among the fifty portraits or so of the last century and a half you will find five or six, including that of the sixth earl, distinguished by long, sharp, straight noses and a quantity of dark-red hair; these five or six have also blue eyes, whereas among the Rassendylls dark eyes are the commoner.

That is the explanation, and I am glad to have finished it: the blemishes on honorable lineage are a delicate subject, and certainly this heredity we hear so much about is the finest scandalmonger in the world; it laughs at discretion, and writes strange entries between the lines of the "Peerage."

It will be observed that my sister-in-law, with a want of logic that must have been peculiar to herself (since we are not given to reasoning in the charge of her sex), treated my complexion almost as an offense for which I was personally blistering if I assume from that external sign inward qualities of which I spotted my entire innocence and this unjust inference she sought to buttress by pointing to the necessities of the life I had led. I will say to that as it may, I have pickled up a good deal of pleasure and a good deal of knowledge. I had been to a German school and a German university, and spoke German as readily and perfectly as England; I was thoroughly at home in French; I had a smattering of Italian, and enough Spanish to swear by. I will not believe, a strong, though hardly a fine, swordsman and a good shot. I could do anything that had a beak to sit on; and my head was as cool a one as you could find, for all the hard knocks it got. If you say that I ought to have spent my time in useful labor I will say that of course and have done to say, save that my parents had no business to leave me five thousand pounds a year and a loving disposition.

"The difference between you and Robert," said my sister-in-law, "is often (when he) speaks on a platform, and offense still as if it were the only one. "Is he not conscious of the duties of his position, and you only see the opportunities of yours."

"To a man of spirit, my dear Rose," I answered, "opportunities are duties."

"Nonsense!" said she, tossing her head and after a moment she went on: "Now here's Sir Jacob Bertram offering you a seat; you ought to be equal to—"

"A thousand thanks!" I murmured.

"He's to have an embassy in six months, and Robert says he is sure that he'll take you as an attache. Do take it, Ruddigore, please me."

Now when my sister-in-law puts the matter in that wretched way she pretty brows, twisting her little hands, and growing wistful to the eyes, on account of a certain scamp like myself, for whom she has no natural responsibility, I am conscious of a compunction. However, I thought it possible that I could pass the time in the position suggested without tolerable discomfort. Therefore I said:

"My dear sister, if in six months' time my unfaceless obstacle has arisen, and Sir Jacob invites me, hang me if I don't go with Sir Jacob!"

"O Rudolph, how good of you! I am afraid—"

"Where's he going to?"

"He doesn't know yet; but it's sure to be a good one."

"Madame," said I, "for your sake I'll go if it's no more than a fortnight's visit. Where do I go a-thing I don't do it by halves."

My promise, however, given but six months or six months and seven months ago, and inasmuch as the Bertram Diamond Syndicate industry (I suppose attaches are industrious; but I know not), for the life of me I could not see Sir Jacob or to anybody else) I cast about for some desirable means of spending the time. And it occurred to me suddenly that I would visit Ruritania. It may seem strange that I had never visited it before, but then, but my father (in spite of a smoaking fondness for the Elphbergs, which led him to call me, his second son, the famous Elphberg name of Rudolph) had always been averse to my going, and after his death my guardian, prompted by Rose, had accepted the family tradition that thought that a Rudolph was to be given to that country. But the moment Ruritania had come into my head I was caught with curiosity to see it. After all, red hair and long noses are not universal in the House of Elphberg, and the old story seemed a preposterously insufficient reason for debarring myself from acquaintance with a highly interesting and important kingdom, one which had played no small part in European history, and might do the like again under the sway of a young and vigorous king. Such at least the new King was rumored to be. My determination was clinched by reading in the Times that Rudolf the Fifth was to be crowned at Strelsau in the course of the next three weeks; and that great event I chose was to mark the occasion. At once I made up my mind to be present, and began my preparations. But inasmuch as it has never been my practice to furnish my relatives with an itinerary of my journeys, and in this case I anticipated opposition to my wishes, I gave out that I was going for a ramble in the Tyrol—an old haunt of mine —and propitiated Rose's wrath by declaring that I intended to study the political and social problems of the interesting principality which dwelt in that neighborhood.

"Perhaps," I hinted darkly, "there may be an outcome of the expedition."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well," said I complacently, "there seems a fag that might be filled by an exhaustive work on—"

"You will you write a book?" she cried, clapping her hands. "That would be splendid, and I'll help you."

"It's the best of introduction to political life nowadays," observed my brother, who at the time was by the fire, introduced himself in this manner several times ever. Burlesdon on "Ancient Theories and Modern Facts" and "The Ultimate Outcome," by a Political Student, are both works of recognized eminence.

"I believe you are right, Bob, my boy," I said.

"Now promise you'll do it," said Rose, earnestly.

"No, I won't promise; but if I find enough material I will."

"That's fair enough," said Robert.

"Oh! material doesn't matter," she said, pouting.

But this time she could get no more than a qualified promise out of me. And, in fact, I had no intention to have wagered a handsome sum that the story of my expedition that I contemplated would be written and read by a single pen. And that shows how little we know what we are doing; for here I am, fulfilling my qualified promise, and writing as I never thought to write, a book (though it will hardly serve as an introduction to political life, and has not a jot to do with Ruritania).

Neither would it, I fear, please Lady Burlesdon, if I were to submit it to her censorship, a step which I have no intention of taking.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING THE COLOR OF MEN'S HAIR.

It was a maxim of my Uncle William's that no man should spending four-and-twenty hours there. My uncle spoke out of a ripe experience, for he had served in the army for a day by putting up for a day and a night at the "Silver Lion" at Zenda, a little town in Tyrol. I called on George Featherly at the embassy, and we had a bit of dinner by ourselves. Then we went to the play and dropped in to the Opera; and after that we had a little supper and a chat in my friend Bertram Bertrand, a versifier of some repute and Paris correspondent of the Daily Elphberg Photography. I bought the papers, and found in them news which stirred my interest. For some reason, which was not clearly explained and seemed to be something of a mystery, the date of the coronation had been suddenly advanced, and the ceremony was to take place on the next day but one. The whole country seemed in a stir about it, and it was certain that the travelling to Strelsau by trains were all let and hotels overflowing; there would be much difficulty in obtaining even a lodging, and I should certainly have to pay an exorbitant price for a bed. I had in mind to stop at Zenda, a small town fifty miles short of the capital, and about ten from the frontier, and to post over from there in the evening; I would sound the next day. Travelling was what I had set my heart on, which were said to be very fine; and in taking a glance at the famous castle, and go a-fishing and shooting in the hills on the morning, returning at night to stop at Zenda.

Accordingly at Zenda I got out, and got the train passed, where I found my luggage safe, and friend Mose, who had in fact preceded me, was engaged in a row with the hotel-keeper, who was unwilling to let a room to Strelsau, having no room vacant. Mose, who is a boaster, secured apartments there. I replied a thing that I was not sorry to hear, as I would have been to ignore that she and I had been fellow-travelers for so long.

I was not disappointed with the hotel—it was really no more than an inn—kept by a fat old fellow named Josef Rudenz. His wares good, quiet people, and seemed very little interested in the great doings at Strelsau. The old lady's best room was Duke, for he was now, under the late King's will, master of the Zenda castle and all the land which rone grandly on its steep hill at the back of the town, was the Duke's property. The old lady, indeed, did not hesitate to express her regret that the Duke was not on the throne instead of his brother.

"We know Duke Michael," said she. "He has always lived among us here, and everybody can knows Duke Michael. But the King is almost a stranger; he has been so much abroad, and when he has been home we see him not."

"And now," chimed in one of the young women, "they say he has shaved off his beard, so that no one at all knows him."

"Shaved his beard!" exclaimed her mother. "Who says so?"

"Johann, the Duke's keeper. He has seen the King."

"Ah, yes! The King, sir, is now at the Duke's shooting lodge in the forest here; from here he goes to Strelsau to be crowned in the cathedral there."

I was interested to hear this, and made up my mind to visit next day in the direction of the lodge on the chance of seeing across the King. The old lady ran on garrulously:

"Ah! and I wish he would stay at his shooting lodge, and send us here (what more) are all he loves, they say—and invite our duke to be crowned on Wednesday. Then we shall see if he has shaved his beard or no."

"Hush, mother!" urged the daughters.

"Oh, there's many to think as I do!" cried the old woman stubbornly.

I thought it best to my deep armchair and laughed at her zeal.

The elder of the two daughter and prettier of the two daughters, a fair, buxom, red Elphberg for that matter, and pretty they say, is as red as a fox or as—"

"Fie!" cried the scandalized mother, as she cast a glance at me, and tossed her head at her daughter reproving face.

"Many a man has cursed this red hair before now," muttered the old lady—and I remembered James, fifth Earl of Burlesdon.

"But never a woman!" cried the girl.

"Ay, and women, when it was too late," was the stern answer, reducing the girl to silence and blushes.

"How comes the King here?" I asked, to break an embarrassed silence. "It is the Duke's land here, you say."

"The Duke invited him, sir, to rest here till Wednesday. The Duke is at Strelsau, preparing the King's reception."

"Then they're friends?"

"None better," said the old lady.

"But my rosy damsel tossed her head again; she was not to be repressed for long, and she broke out again:

"No, they love one another as men do who want the same place and the same thing."

The old woman glowered; but the last words, plain and forcible, and I interposed before she could begin scolding:

"What, the same wife, too! How's that, pretty lady?"

"All the world knows that Black Michael (well, then, maybe) the Duke would give his soul to marry his cousin, the Princess Flavia, and that she is to be the Queen."

"Upon my word," said I, "I begin to be sorry for your duke. But if a man will be a younger son, why, he must take what the elder leaves, and be as thankful to God as he can;" and, thinking of myself, I shrugged my shoulders and laughed. And then I thought also of Antoinette de Mauban and her journey to Strelsau.

"It's little dealing Black Michael has with—" began the girl, braving her mother's anger; but the old woman's fury stopped on the floor, and a gruff voice broke in from the doorway:

"Who talks of Black Michael' in his Highness' own burgh?"

The girl gave a little shriek, half of fright —half, I think, of amusement.

"Johann, you frighten me!" she said.

"See where your chatter leads," said the old lady.

The man who had spoken came forward.

"We have company, Johann," said my hostess, pointing to me with her fan.

A moment later he saw me, and to my astonishment fell on his knees, as though he had seen something wonderful.

"What ails you, Johann?" asked the elder girl. "Think it a ghost?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, come to see the coronation."

I was speaking to myself, but he was staring at me with an intense, searching, almost fierce glance.

"Good-evening, sir," said I.

"Good-evening, sir," he muttered, still scrutinizing me in the way the girl began to laugh as she called:

"See, Johann, it is the color you love! He stands to it he is not a bit. It's not the color we see most of here in Zenda."

"It is the color," he muttered, stammered the fellow, with puzzled eyes. "I expected to see no one."

"Then take a glass to drink my health in, and I'll bid you good-night, and thanks to you, ladies, for your company and your conversation."

I was speaking. I rose to my feet, and with a slight bow turned to the door. The young girl ran to light me on the way, and the fellow followed me. His eyes were still fixed on me. The moment I was by the stairs he stayed me, saying:

"Pray, sir, do you know our King?"

"I never saw him," said I. "I hope to do so before long."

"Not no more, but I felt his eyes following me, and heard him behind my back, "Our King, sir, looks like—like—"

"Like me as he was preached me?"

"There's no resisting Master Johann for ou," cried the girl, laughing.

"If resembles yours, maybe," I suggested.

"Maybe, sir," said he, with a curious glance.

"What," asked I, taking hold of the old's arm, "is the matter with Johann?"

"Ah, sir, he's one of the Elphberg red—"

"Call him a man, mother!" cried the girl; "he's something of value."

"Then," said I, "when dear be shut," said she.

"Which?" said I, and left her.

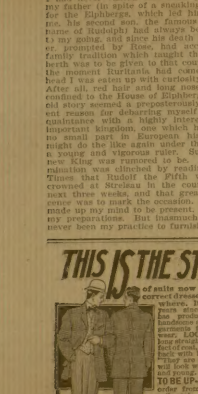
In fact, however, as I know now, color is sometimes of considerable moment to a man.

CHAPTER III.

A MERRY EVENING WITH A DISTANT RELATIVE.

I was not so unreasonable as to be prejudiced against the Duke's keeper because he disliked my discovery of his secret. Indeed his most civil and obliging conduct (as it seemed to me to be) next morning was much to the purpose, for as I said, I was bound for Strelsau, he came to see me while I was breakfasting, and told me that a brother of his, who had married a well-to-do tradesman and lived in the capital, had invited him to occupy a room in his house. He had gladly accepted, but now found that his duties would prevent him from going. He begged, therefore, that if such humble (though, as he added, clean and comfortable) lodgings were to my taste, I would take his place. He pledged his sister's respectability, and said that the residence and crowding to which I should be subject in my journeys to and from Strelsau I must well duly. I accepted the offer without a moment's hesitation, and he went off to inform his sister. I finished my coffee and prepared to take the next train. But I still hankered after the castle and the adjoining town, and when my little maid told me that I could, by walking ten miles or so through the forest, hit the railway at a roadside station, I decided to send my luggage direct to the address which Johann had given me, and take my walk and follow to Strelsau myself. Johann had gone off on business, in advance of the change of my plans, but at its only effect was to delay my arrival at his sister's for a few hours. There was no reason for troubling to inform him of it. Doubtless the good lady would receive me quietly on my recovery.

I took an early luncheon, and having bidden my kind entertainers farewell, prepared to return to them on my way home. I set out to climb the hill that led to the castle, and thence to the forest of Zenda. Half an hour's leisurely walking brought me to the castle. It had been a fortress in old days, and the ancient keep was still in good preservation and very imposing. Be-


THIS IS THE STYLE
of suits now worn by correct dressers everywhere.
Notice the graceful, easy lines produced such garments for men's stout figures. LOOK at the long straight front of the coat, and the broad back with long vent. They are not only well look well, as old fashioned suits do.
TO BE UP-TO-DATE order from us at once. Your suit, coat, pants and vest will be made to your measure, and delivered or a finish and work guaranteed.
Regardless the above fine of striped worsted. Trousers, and all extra fancy vest, to your measure, exactly like this suit for the price of
ALL ONLY $10
Besides, we send them to you in a neat, proper manner, without extra charge.
Send us your name and a liberal distribution of the new suit, showing every detail to back and front. Write it will send from the newest materials for these, Trousers, Fancy vest, etc., to
THE FIFTH AVENUE TAILORS,
219 Keener Bldg., Fifth Ave. & Congress, CHICAGO
Reference: Royal Trust Company Bank, Cap. $1,000,000.

hind it stood another portion of the original castle, and behind that again, and separated from it by a deep and broad moat, which ran all around the old building, was a handsome modern chateau, erected by the last King, and now forming the country residence of the Duke of Strelsau. The old and the new portions were connected by a drawbridge, and this indirect mode of access formed the only passage between the old building and the outer world, but leading to the modern chateau there was a broad and handsome avenue. It was an ideal residence; when "Black Michael" desired change he could dwell in his chateau; if a fit of misanthropy seized him he had merely to cross the bridge and draw it up after him (it ran on rollers), and nothing short of a regiment and a train of artillery could fetch him out. I went on my way, glad that poor Black Michael, though he could not have the throne or the Princess, had at least got as fine a residence as any prince in Europe.

Soon I entered the forest, and walked on for an hour or more in its cool, somber shade. At last I reached a spot where I could, I went off into the most delightful sleep, lasting for many hours, and of the fast-waning afternoon. To remember a train in such a place would have been rank sacrilege. Instead of that I fell to dreaming that I was married to the Princess Flavia and that I was a new-made Zenda, and beguiled whole days with my love in the shade of the forest, which made a very pleasant dream. In fact, I was just impressing a fervent kiss on the charming lips of the Princess (which I heard and the voice seemed at first a part of the dream) somewhere in the region of her ear, when—

"Why, the devil's in it! Shave him and he'd be the King!"

The idea seemed whimsical enough for a dream; by the sacrifice of my heavy mustache and slightly colored imperial I was to be transformed into a monarch! I was about to kiss the Princess, when a voice arrived (very reluctantly) at the conclusion that I was awake.

I opened my eyes, and found two men regarding me with much curiosity. Both wore blouses and sandals and gaudy caps. One was rather short and very stoutly built, with a light-colored head, a red and gray moustache, and small, pale-blue eyes; a trifle bloodshot. The other was a slender young fellow, of about twenty-five, dark complexion, and bearing himself with grace and dignity. The first was down on an old soldier; the other for a gentleman accustomed to move in good society. But I was amused to notice that they both looked out afterward that my guess would prove right.

The elder man approached me, buckling the sandal to the strap. He did so somewhat ostentatiously raising his hat. I rose to my feet.

"He's the tallest fellow in the regiment," observed the younger man, in a low tone, to his companion, who was about two inches of stature. Then, with a swaller bow to me, he added, "Sir, I ask your pardon."

"As you've begun, be first fool in the company, gentlemen," said I, with a smile. "I suppose you've got a bet on the result of the joke?"

The younger man stepped forward with a pleasant smile.

"This," said he, "is Colonel Sapt, and I am, colonel, Fritz von Tarlenheim; we are both in the service of the King of Strelsau."

I bowed and, barring my head, answered: "I am Rudolf Rassendyll, I am a traveler from England and one of your own race, and I hold a commission from her Majesty the Queen."

"Then we are all brethren of the sword," answered Tarlenheim, holding out his hand, which I readily clasped.

"Rassendyll, Rassendyll!" muttered Colonel Sapt; then a gleam of intelligence flitted across his face.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "you're of the Burlesdon family!"

"My brother is now Lord Burlesdon," said I.

MORE THAN MONEY

A Minister Talks About Grape-Nuts.

"My first stomach trouble began back in 1887, when I was in Nebr., resulting from hasty eating and too much. I found no relief from medicine and grew so bad that all food distressed me.

"It was that sore, gnawing, hungry feeling in my stomach that was so distressing and I became a sick man. Grape-Nuts was recommended as a food that could be easily digested.

"Leaving the old diet that had given me so much trouble, I began with Grape-Nuts with a little cream and sugar. The change effected in 24 hours was truly remarkable, and in a few weeks I was back to health again.

"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted into the old indigestible, miserable foods, which put me again on the sick list.

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream and in four days was all right again. The dull, old headache, sore gnaw, stomach comfort all left me, and it is a delight to nurse my studies and work.

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me and I hope this may reach some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"They head betrayeth thee," he chuckled, pointing to my uncovered poll. "Why, Fritz, you know the story?"

The young man glanced apologetically at me. He felt a delicacy which my sister-in-law would have admired. To put him at his ease I remarked, with a smile:

"All the world knows here as well as among us, it seems."

"Enough!" cried Sapt. "If you stay here the deuce a man in all Ruritania will doubt of it—or a woman either."

I began to feel uncomfortable. Had I realized what a very plainly written pedigree I carried about with me I should have thought long before I visited Ruritania. However, I was in for it now.

At that moment a ringing voice sounded from the wood behind us:

"Fritz, Fritz! where are you, man?"

Tarlenheim started, and said hastily: "It's the King!"

Old Sapt chuckled again.

Then a young man jumped out from behind the trunk of a tree and stood beside us. As I looked on him I uttered an astonished cry. The man was my own brother, in sudden wonder. Saving the hair on my face and a certain easy, conscious dignity which his position gave him, saving also that he lacked perhaps half an inch—nay, less than half an inch—of my height, the King of Ruritania might have been Rudolf Rassendyll, and I Rudolf the King.

For an instant we stood motionless, looking at one another. Then the King came on again and bowed respectfully. The King found his tongue first. He spoke in excellent English.

"Colonel—Fritz—who is this gentleman?"

I was about to answer when Colonel Sapt stepped between the King and me, and began to talk to the monarch in a low growl. The King towered over Sapt, and as he listened to the old soldier, which made me a very pleasant dream. In fact, I was just impressing a fervent kiss on the charming lips of the Princess Flavia (I heard and the voice seemed at first a part of the dream) somewhere in the region of her ear, when—

"Why, the devil's in it! Shave him and he'd be the King!"

The idea seemed whimsical enough for a dream; by the sacrifice of my heavy mustache and slightly colored imperial I was to be transformed into a monarch! I was about to kiss the Princess, when a voice arrived (very reluctantly) at the conclusion that I was awake.

I opened my eyes, and found two men regarding me with much curiosity. Both wore blouses and sandals and gaudy caps. One was rather short and very stoutly built, with a light-colored head, a red and gray moustache, and small, pale-blue eyes; a trifle bloodshot. The other was a slender young fellow, of about twenty-five, dark complexion, and bearing himself with grace and dignity. The first was down on an old soldier; the other for a gentleman accustomed to move in good society. But I was amused to notice that they both looked out afterward that my guess would prove right.

The elder man approached me, buckling the sandal to the strap. He did so somewhat ostentatiously raising his hat. I rose to my feet.

"He's the tallest fellow in the regiment," observed the younger man, in a low tone, to his companion, who was about two inches of stature. Then, with a swaller bow to me, he added, "Sir, I ask your pardon."

"As you've begun, be first fool in the company, gentlemen," said I, with a smile. "I suppose you've got a bet on the result of the joke?"

The younger man stepped forward with a pleasant smile.

"This," said he, "is Colonel Sapt, and I am, colonel, Fritz von Tarlenheim; we are both in the service of the King of Strelsau."

I bowed and, barring my head, answered: "I am Rudolf Rassendyll, I am a traveler from England and one of your own race, and I hold a commission from her Majesty the Queen."

"Then we are all brethren of the sword," answered Tarlenheim, holding out his hand, which I readily clasped.

"Rassendyll, Rassendyll!" muttered Colonel Sapt; then a gleam of intelligence flitted across his face.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "you're of the Burlesdon family!"

"My brother is now Lord Burlesdon," said I.

MORE THAN MONEY

A Minister Talks About Grape-Nuts.

"My first stomach trouble began back in 1887, while I was in Nebr., resulting from hasty eating and too much. I found no relief from medicine and grew so bad that all food distressed me.

"It was that sore, gnawing, hungry feeling in my stomach that was so distressing and I became a sick man. Grape-Nuts was recommended as a food that could be easily digested.

"Leaving the old diet that had given me so much trouble, I began with Grape-Nuts with a little cream and sugar. The change effected in 24 hours was truly remarkable, and in a few weeks I was back to health again.

"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted into the old indigestible, miserable foods, which put me again on the sick list.

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream and in four days was all right again. The dull, old headache, sore gnaw, stomach comfort all left me, and it is a delight to nurse my studies and work.

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me and I hope this may reach some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"Why, Fritz, what's wrong?" he cried

God! don't I know the risk? If they do find him he's no worse off than if he isn't crowned today in Strelsau."

So speaking, he flung the door open and, stooping, put forth a strength I did not dream he had, and lifted the King in his hands. And as he did so the old woman, Johann the keeper's mother, stood in the doorway. For a moment she stood, then she turned on her heel, without a sign of surprise, and clattered down the passage.

"Has she heard?" cried Fritz.

"I'll shut her mouth!" said Sapt grimly, and he bore off the King in his arms.

For me, I sat down in an armchair, and as I sat there, half dazed, Sapt clipped and scraped me till my moustache and imperial were things of the past and my face was as bare as the King's. And when Fritz saw me thus he drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"By Jove, we shall do it!"

It was six o'clock now, and we had no time to lose. Sapt hurried me into the King's room, and I dressed myself in the uniform of a colonel of the Guard, finding time, as I did so, to admire the King's boots, to ask Sapt what he took me for and to call the old woman.

"She swore she'd heard nothing," said he; "but to make sure I shot her legs together and put a handkerchief in her mouth and bound her hands, and locked her up in the coal cellar with the door to the King. Josef'll look after them both, later on."

Then I burst out laughing, and even old Sapt grimly smiled.

"I fancy," said he, "that when Josef tells them the King is gone they'll think it is because we smelt a rat. For you may swear Black Michael doesn't expect to see him in Strelsau today."

I put the King's helmet on my head. Old Sapt handed me the King's sword, looking at me long and carefully.

"Thank God he shaved his beard!" he exclaimed.

"Why did he?" I asked.

"Because Princess Flavia said he grazed her cheek when he graciously pleased to give her a cousinly kiss. Come, though, we must ride."

"Is all safe here?"

"Nothing's safe anywhere," said Sapt, "but we can make it no worse."

Fritz now rejoined us in the uniform of a captain in the same regiment as that to which my beloved belonged. In four minutes Sapt had arranged himself in his uniform. Josef replied that our horses were ready. We jumped on their backs and started at a rapid trot. The game had begun. What would the issue of it be?

The cool morning air cleared my head, and I was able to take in Sapt and what he said to me. He was wonderful. Fritz hardly spoke, riding like a man asleep; but Sapt, without another word for the King, began at once to instruct me most minutely in the history of my part in life, the family, of my mates, pursuits, weaknesses, friends, companions, and enemies. He told me the etiquette of the Ruritanian court, promising to be constantly at my elbow to point out every one ready whom I ought to know, and give me hints with what degree of favor to greet them.

"By the way," he said, "you are a Catholic, I suppose?"

"Not I," I answered.

"Lord, he's a heretic!" groaned Sapt, and forthwith fell to a rudimentary lesson in the practices and observances of the Romish faith.

"Luckily," said he, "you won't be expected to know much, for the King's notoriously lax and careless about such matters. But you must be as civil as butter to the Cardinal. We have to win him. He's become Rupert of Hentzau's standing quarrel about their precedence."

We were now at the station. Fritz had recovered nerve enough to explain to the astonished stationmaster that the King had changed his plans. The train steamed up. We got into a first-class carriage, and I, leaning back on the cushions, went on with his lesson. I looked at my watch—the King's watch, I mean—it was 7. It was just eight.

"I wonder if they have gone to look for us," I said.

"I hope they won't find the King," said Fritz nervously, and this time it was Sapt who shrugged his shoulders.

The train left the next and at half-past nine, looking out of the window, I saw the towers and spires of Strelsau rising.

"Your capital, my liege," grinned old Sapt, with a wave of his hand, and, leaning forward, he felt the pulse in my pliant left little too quick," said he in his grumbling tone.

"I'm not made of stone!" I exclaimed.

"You'll do," said Sapt with a nod. "We must see Fritz here has caught the sign. Drain your flask, for Heaven's sake, boy!"

Fritz did as we had told him.

"We're an hour early," said Sapt. "We'll send word forward of the King's safe arrival, for there'll be no one here to meet us yet. And meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," said I, "the King'll be hungry if he doesn't have some breakfast."

Old Sapt chuckled, and pulled out his hand, which he carried in a sling.

"You are an Elphberg, every inch of you," said he. Then he paused, and looking at his sash added quietly: "And we may be alive tonight."

"Amen!" said Fritz von Tarlenheim.

The train stopped. Fritz and Sapt leaped out, uncovered, and held the door for me. I choked down a lump that rose in my throat, settled my helmet firmly on my head, and (I'm not ashamed to say it) breathed a short prayer to God. Then I stepped on the platform of the station at Strelsau.

A moment later all was bustle and confusion: men hurrying up, hats in hand, and hurrying off again; men conducting me to the buffet; men mounting and riding in hot haste to the quarters of the troops; the cathedral bells in the residence of Archbishop Michael. Even as I swallowed the last drop of my cup of coffee the bells throughout all the city broke out into a joyful peal, and the sound of a military band and of men cheering arose upon my ear.

King Rudolf the Fifth was in his good city of Strelsau! And they shouted out his side.

"God save the King!"

Old Sapt's mouth wrinkled into a smile.

"God save 'em both!" he whispered. "Courage, lad!" and I felt his hand press my knee.

CHAPTER V.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNDERSTUDY.

With Fritz von Tarlenheim and Colonel Sapt close behind me I stepped out of the buffet on to the platform. The last thing I did was to feel if my revolver was handy and my sword loose in the scabbard. A gay group of officers and high dignitaries stood waiting me, at their head a tall old man, covered with medals, and of noble bearing. He was Marshal Strakenz, the red ribbon of the Red Rose of Ruritania—which, by the way, decorated my unworthy breast.

"Marshal Strakenz," whispered Sapt, and I knew that I was in the presence of the most famous veteran of the Ruritanian army.

Just behind the Marshal stood a short, spare man, in flowing robes of black and crimson.

"The Chancellor of the kingdom," whispered Sapt.

The Marshal greeted me in a few loyal words, and proceeded to deliver an apology from the Court for the absence of Black Michael. It seemed, had been afflicted with a sudden and opportune attack which made it impossible for him to come to the station, but he craved leave to await his Majesty at the cathedral. I expressed my concern, accepted the Marshal's excuses very suavely, and received the compliments of a large number of distinguished personages. No one betrayed the least suspicion, and I felt my nerve returning and the agitated beating of my heart subsiding. Then I was still pale, and my hand shook like a leaf as he extended it to the Marshal.

Presently we formed a procession and took our way to the door of the station. Here I mounted a horse, the Marshal following my stirrup. The civil dignitaries went off to their carriages, and I started to ride through the streets with the Marshal on my right and Sapt (who, as my chief aid-de-camp, was entitled to the place) on my left. The city of Strelsau is partly old and partly new. Spacious modern boulevards and residential quarters surround and embrace the narrow, tortuous, and picturesque streets of the original town. In the outer circles the upper classes live; in the inner shops are situated; and behind their prosperous fronts lie hidden populous but wretched lanes and alleys, filled with a poverty-stricken, turbulent, and (in large measure) criminal class. These social and local divisions corresponded, as I knew from Sapt's information, to another division more important to me. The New Town was for the King; but to the Old Town Michael of the King; but to the Old Town Michael of Strelsau was a hope, a hero, and a darling.

The scene was very brilliant as we passed along the Grand Boulevard and on to the great square where the royal palace stood. Here I was in the midst of my devoted adherents. Every house was hung with red hangings with flags and mottoes. The streets were lined with raised seats on each side, and I saw, bowing this way and that, under a shower of cheers, blessings, and waving handkerchiefs. The ladies were full of gayly dressed indies, who clapped their hands and courtesied as I passed them. Handsome glances at me. A shower of bouquets fell on me; one bloom lodged in my horse's mane, and I took it and stuck it in my coat. The Marshal smiled grimly. I had taken some glances at his face, but he was too impassive to show me whether his sympathies were with me or not.

"The red rose for the Elphbergs, Marshal," said I gayly, and to Sapt:

I have written "gayly," and a strange word it must seem. But the truth is that I was drunk with excitement. At that moment I believed—I almost believed—that I was in very truth the King, with a look of laughing triumph, I raised my eyes to the beauty-laden balconies again . . .

The King lay full length on the floor.

a woman, from a window above a cookshop, cried the old local saying:

"If he's red he's right!" whereat I laughed and took off my helmet that she might see that I was of the right color, and they cheered me again at that.

It was more interesting riding thus alone, for I heard the comments of the crowd.

"He looks paler than his wont," said one.

"You'd look pale if you lived as he did," was the highly disrespectful retort.

"He's a bigger man than I thought," said another.

"So he had a good jaw under that beard after all," commented a third.

"The pleasantest thing I've seen's handsome enough," declared a pretty girl, taking great care that I should hear. No doubt it was more flattery.

But in spite of these signs of approval and interest the mass of the people received me in silence and with sullen looks, and my dear brother's portrait ornamented most of the windows—which was an ironical sort of greeting to the King. I was quite glad that he had been spared the unpleasant sight. He was a man of quick temper, and perhaps he would not have received it so placidly as I did.

At last we were at the cathedral. Its great square, embellished with hundreds of statues and boasting pair of the finest towers in Europe, rose before me for the first time before me, and the sudden sense of my audacity almost overcame me. For a moment I was in a mist as I dismounted. I saw the Marshal and Sapt dimly, and perhaps the throng of gorgeously robed priests who awaited me. And my eyes were still dim as I walked up the great nave, with the pealing of the organ in my ears. I saw nothing . . . the brilliant throng that filled the building paused to see the stately figure of the cardinal as he rose from the archiepiscopal throne to greet me. Two faces only stood out side by side clearly before my eyes—the face of a girl, pale and lovely, intensified by a certain look of proud Elphberg hair (for in a woman it is glorious), and the face of a man whose full-blooded red cheeks, and black hair, and dark eyes told me that at last I was in the presence of my brother, King Rudolf.

And when he saw me his red cheeks went pale all in a moment, and his heart, felt with a clatter on the floor. Till that moment I believe that he had not realized that the King was in very truth come to Strelsau.

Of what followed next I remember nothing. I knelt before the altar and the cardinal anointed my head. Then I rose to my feet, and stretched out my hand and took from him the crown of Ruritania and set it on my head, and I swore the old oath of the Kings of the land (I am sure I had been forgiven me) I received the Holy Sacrament there before them all. Then the great organ pealed out again, the Marshal and all the heralds proclaim me, and Rudolf the Fifth was crowned King, of which popular ceremony an excellent picture hangs now in my dining room. The portrait of the King is very good.

Then the lady with the pale face and the glorious hair, her train held by two pages, stepped from her place and came to where I stood. And a herald cried:

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Flavia."

She curtsied low, and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it. And for an instant I thought what I had best do. Then I drew her to me and kissed her on both cheeks, as a cousin or husband . . . some day, then his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop slipped in front of Black Michael's hand and kissed it, and presented me with a letter from the Pope—the first and last I ever had. I have it still from that exalted quarter!

And then came the Duke of Strelsau. His step trembled. I swear that he looked to the right and to the left, as a man looks who thinks only of the cheek, as he kissed his cousin . . . now

The fact was not surprising, but the remark was disquieting.

"You look," she went on, "more sober, more sedate; you're almost careworn; and I declare you're thinner. Surely it's not possible that you've begun to take anything seriously"

The Princess seemed to hold of the King much the same opinion that Lady Burlington held of me.

I braced myself up for the conversation.

"Would that please you?" I asked softly.

"Oh, you know my views," said she, turning her eyes away.

"Whatever pleases you I try to do." I said and as I saw her face soften I knew that I thought that I was playing the King's hand very well for him. So I continued, and what I said was perfectly true:

"I assure you, my dear cousin, that nothing in my life has affected me more than the reception I've been greeted with today."

She smiled brightly, but in an instant grew grave again, and whispered:

"Did you notice Michael?"

"Yes," said I; adding, "He wasn't enjoying himself."

"Do be careful!" she went on. "You don't—indeed you don't—keep enough watch on him. You know——"

"I don't," said I, "that he wants what I've got."

"Yes. Hush!"

Then—and I can't justify it, for I committed the King for beyond what I had a right to do—I suppose she carried me off my feet—I went on:

"And perhaps also something which I haven't got yet, but hope to win some day."

She was my answer—and I knew she knew I should have thought it encouraging:

"He will you enough responsibilities on you for one day, cousin, mine!"

Bang, bang! Blare, blare! We were at the palace. Guns were firing and trumpets blowing. Rows of lackeys stood waiting, and, hailing the Princess with a most comical, marble staircase, I took formal possession, as a crowned king, of the house of my ancestors, and sat down at the table, with my cousin on my right hand, on her other side Black Michael, and on my left his Eminence the Cardinal. Behind my chair stood Rudy and at the end of the table Sawfrin Fritz von Tarlenheim drank to the bottom his glass of champagne rather sooner than he thirsty should.

I wondered what the King of Ruritania was doing.

This story, which is one of the most famous that has ever been written, will be continued in The Ledger issue of next week. Do not fail to read this great romance to the end. If you are not already a subscriber we strongly urge you to send in your subscription and get the remainder of this captivating story and other thrilling masterpieces that are about to appear in these pages. Bora also has very desire one free cameras, as announced on page thirteen, and women should remember to send for our free patterns in all the new summer styles, as advertised on page fifteen of this paper.

A Discouraging Prospect.

"Gentlemen," said the President of the life insurance company, as the Board of Directors gathered their hats and mackintoshs to sit up and pay attention, "permit me to briefly state our case. We have insured thousands of policies per year and jumping along on the top wave when they public stubbed in and began to investigate. investigation. We smiled. The public clamored. We—pshaw! The public howled. We laughed and told the investigators to come on. We—certainly—we'll have them out but inside of 40 days, in spite of all we could do in the dodging and preparing line, the public made out that our former President was no better than a thief.

"That of the rest of the Board of Control were ditto.

"That we all lied and falsified and gobbled.

"That we had bribed, suborned and bulldozed.

"That we owned lawyers, judges and juries.

"That we were running this thing as a family affair clear down to our fourth cousins.

"That the policy holders of this company were every paying the wives of the cooks in our kitchens.

"Those of the charges, gentlemen—those and yet others, and we were held up to the scorn of the world and every effort made to sue us. Excuse these tears, but I cannot keep them back. We reorganized. We purged ourselves. We returned part of the stolen funds. We patted the public on the back and got it quiet. Then gentlemen then——

The President was given three minutes in which to weep, and he then went on:

"Then some unhung villain discovered that we were still $1,000,000 ahead of the game and wanted for a new investigation. And Mr. Hughes will be after us again—and all our old dodges are played out—and we shall meet up in Sing Sing and——"

And then the faces of all mingled and the meeting adjourned.

Logical Sermon Division.

When the minister of Drumlechan church proceeded to announce the divisions of his sermon, it was the most interesting moment of the discourse, and never failed to gain the attention of even the most indifferent member of the flock.

"Ye will find th' taxt in th' feerth chepter o' th' first letter o' Peter in the eighth verse. Ye' dent gnat haboot lak a roarin' lion, seekin' whaim he may devour." For a practical purposes, ma breethren, th' taxt may be divetit into thra divustons. Th' first ane shall be summat o' a theological nature. In which we maun ask, 'Who th' dell is he?' Th' second will be o' a geographical nature, in which we maun ask, 'Where th' dell is he goin' to?' Th' third, ma breethren, will be o' a metaphesical nature, in which we maun ask, 'What th' dell is he roarin' for?'"—Judge.

It doesn't take a fast young man long to distance his income.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands.
The smith, a lordly man is he, with wide and fertile lands.

No more his brawny back he bends beneath the horse's shoe to fit;
No more his ringing sledge he swings in happy strength's duty.

No more his face is covered o'er with blazing forge's smut;
Nor headed with his honest sweat, it channels there to cut.

Adown the street he sits at ease before the village inn,
And jingles in his custom-mades his stack of easy tin.

For wise was he within his day and seized the chance that came
By carrying seven prices when the motor cars went lame.

The Brutality of Belle.

BY HELENE HICKS.

Vansittart had never felt so drawn to a girl in the long course of his social career as he was towards Belle Blair. There was something indescribably fresh and natural about Belle, and a pretty modesty of demeanor extremely fetching.

Vansittart speculated considerably concerning the probability that that little manner was merely an exceedingly clever pose. The supposition was distasteful to him, prone to distrust women, especially buds. However, Vansittart never allowed skepticism to interfere with his desires, wherefore he indulged himself in Miss Blair's society two days, counting second thing.

Being a handsome, long-limbed, bored looking creature, with a sufficient bank account for all ordinary purposes, Vansittart felt tolerably sure of a welcome wherever he chose to go, and Belle never disappointed him in this regard.

People were beginning to talk about them, and Mrs. Blair was apparently unconcerned to criticise the service of the club, one of the first days of Vansittart's visit, when she young man received a shock.

He dropped into the Blairs' to tea one afternoon, and, relinquishing his hat and stick to the footman, turned toward the small drawing-room, where voices were distinguished, and through this aperture Vansittart distinctly saw Belle Blair demolishing a cluster of exquisite violets.

The man drew a sharp breath. Violets were $10 a bunch, and in addition to which the temper displayed by the young woman while tearing her way to destruction was something appalling.

For an instant he seemed to recover himself, while the footman announced his name. Like sunshine succeeding a storm, a smile swept across Belle Blair's face, and she flung the tell-tale evidences of her passion beneath the cushions, and greeted him with a full, slow smile and the prettiest possible embodiment of manner.

Vansittart did not stay long that day, and he was not quite at ease.

For a week the young man pondered this incident. Time and again he asked himself if one should be foolish of a boy who could deliberately crush and mutilate anything so exquisitely frastile as a cluster of flowers.

Then one day he met Belle in the park, walking with Mrs. Blair.

"I had no idea you were addicted to these things," he remarked, pointing at the dog.

"He—he was given to me a long time ago," she explained. "I know lots of men think it's awfully foolish of a woman to care for pets."

"I never admired the fad much myself," rejoined Vansittart, really thinking that she looked remarkably well in her walking rig. Then he proceeded to forget the incident.

That same evening at a fashionable rout, where Vansittart put in an appearance, simply because the hostess was an old friend, he found himself seated in a corner behind two elderly maidens, who were discussing every one with a freedom more remarkable for candor than kindness of intent.

"There is Belle Blair," said one of the spinsters in an acid tone. "She is an empty-headed flirt, with no idea of reverence. I met her at the Cathedral the other day, having a discussion about a dog, and she found Vansittart

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
34 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for three months. Foreign, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Express Office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. One dollar and a half is added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.00 per Agate Line per insertion, for advertisements in the Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
THE SATURDAY BLADE
Average More Than
750,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing the office. Always state the number wanted. Orders will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. Any person claiming to be connected with the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they solicit, is authorized and liable to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will establish an indictment for the crime of swindling committed from town to town in different sections of the country. Be on the lookout for such persons and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

A kiss in time is fine.

Even a cheap man may be dear to some woman.

Many prayers would be more effective if they were blue penciled.

It isn't necessary for women to be voters in order to become riders.

There will come a thrashing time for those who sow wild oats.

A woman isn't necessarily smart because she says things that sting.

What a lot of stitches men drop when they attempt to mend their ways!

Tobacconist Duke has succeeded at last in securing a divorce from the Duchess.

In union there is strength—as many a married man has learned to his sorrow.

Charity should always begin at home, but there's no law compelling it to stop there.

If Tom Platt regards himself as a typical product of politics no wonder he holds politics in such poor esteem.

In spite of popular prejudice the Michigan and other peaches continue to wear those red peekaboo coverings.

President Roosevelt may have to ship to Tennessee and Salvador a sample of his widely celebrated brand of peace.

Away down deep in its clenginous heart the Standard Oil Company doubtless blames Miss Ida Tarbell for all this muss.

It will be a bad day for the Czar when all the little revolutionists throughout Russia start in effecting a merger.

There is a feeling in many quarters that Mr. Gourdain's passionate desire to get into the penitentiary should be gratified.

Considering what it costs the average New York person to visit Coney Island, one fare surely is enough to pay for getting there.

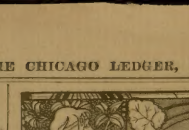
It seems to have escaped the attention of a great many anxious persons that President Roosevelt has two years and a half yet to serve.

With a deep sense of humiliation the holdup must acknowledge that Banker Stensland's system makes their methods seem pitifully crude.

A bad $5 bill is in circulation in Chicago and what makes it so hard to detect is the fact that any kind of $5 bill looks good to fifo average man.

Persons who are in need of the rest cure, but have not the means to take the treatment, might try to get a job on the Chicago detective force.

Accepting the directory publishers' estimate, Chicago has a population of 2,300,000; most of whom seem to have tried to get inside the Sox's baseball grounds last Sunday.



A LASS O' LONDON;

OR

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

By T. C. HARBAUGH, author of "Robespierre," "Judas' Legacy," "The Red Countess," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, Aug. 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.
A STARTLING RESCUE.

I soon discovered that it was not the intention of my enemies to make that dungeon my permanent habitation, for after some hours I was taken out, marched across a court and then into a large chamber, where I found myself face to face with a bewigged man on a bench of justice.

"That is the judge," said a dour voice as I was halted in front of this personage.

I turned my head a little and recognized the Queen's favorite.

The look that passed between us was not a friendly one.

He stood stiff and angry and wore the same clothes in which I had met him at the Golden Lamb.

The bewigged judge asked me no questions; Leicester's word was enough and the Judge handed the high constable a bit of paper and I was taken out of the room.

Verily I was feeling the hand of Queen Bess.

Instead of being hauled back to the damp dungeon I was taken into the street, and the moment I was out of doors I was greeted there, a great shout went up.

I doubted not that every man was one of Leicester's minions, and all looked to me like a pack of wolves waiting for the signal to launch themselves upon me.

The high constable waved the scum aside and I was escorted on.

"Who have you there, Master Lumpkin?" said a voice that had a familiar sound.

"An important prisoner, Lord Grace—one of the most audacious villians of the day."

A carriage like a state coach and richly ornamented horses were attached and halted in front of me.

"Why, he does not look so dangerous, Master Lumpkin," was the reply. "He looks more like a gentleman than a villian."

"It's borrowed feathers, Your Grace," broke in Lumpkin, his high crenolle. "We have haled him before the bar and my Lord Leicester pronounced him."

I was then for the first time looked at the woman who was in the carriage, though I doubted not it was the Countess Kitty.

She had seen me last in my true light in velvet and as well worded as ever was a gentleman from across the Channel.

But now—

"Oh, is that the man who spitted the Earl at the Golden Lamb?" asked Kitty.

"The same, Your Grace, and a dangerous man."

"Where did you get him?"

"Captain Chesham from fear apprehended him and the prisoner returned the compliment by knocking the haughty Captain in the stomach, landing him in the gutter."

"What, Beau Cassighan?" laughed Lady Kitty. "I warrant he did not have a taste for his favorite dishes for some time for the prisoner seems to wear heavy fists."

I could see that by this Kitty had recognized me, but on she gave no sign.

"Whither are you taking the prisoner, Master Lumpkin?" she suddenly asked.

"To Newgate, Your Grace."

"Hath he been fully tried?"

"As much as he will ever be," was the answer.

"Yes, Your Grace."

"He's a comely looking fellow," she said, surveying me again. "May I have a private word with him?"

"Certes," said the high constable.

I was pushed forward toward the carriage while the royal favorite bowed farewell and posted off like a rascal toward the house.

Lodgings in Newgate Prison I finally reached it to find a little forbidding looking place with heavy shutters at the windows, and the whole spirit wearing a gloomy look.

The place looked vacant and I soon discovered that the house was uninhabited.

I discovered that the front door was fastened so, peering in at the side of the building, I got inside and frightened some rats that scurried to the holding court in the largest room.

The interior of the house was dismal enough and when I thought that I would be compelled to spend the rest of the day there I shuddered, but not true to their expectants would not arrive before night, I curbed my fear.

The old house seemed to be a good rendezvous for the gentlemen of the road—men after the style of Jonathan Hal.

It was well hidden by the trees that screened it from the road and just the place for outpurses and such villians.

The day wore on.

With the first long shadows of evening I watched at one of the shuttered windows for my friend.

Of course the Countess could not come in person, but would send my clothes by one of her servitors and I watched eagerly for his appearance.

In another second the horses plunged away like mad, and with cries of horror and affright the rabble staggered back to make room for the plunging team.

The coachman seemed to be exerting all his strength to hold the steeds and, fearing for the safety of the Countess, I threw myself forward when her hand closed on my arm.

"No! no!" she said. "Adam can master them, Monsieur. See how the scum get out of the way," and she laughed till I thought she would topple out of the carriage.

Out of one street and into another plunged the horses.

We had left Constable Lumpkin and his band far behind and were now on the road down Farrington Road at break-neck speed.

The burly Adam seemed tired out, yet I knew that he was not trying to hold in the team.

All at suddenly as the horses had plunged away they slackened their gait and I looked into the face of Kitty.

"Where are your garments?" she asked.

"I gave the Bull-dog Keot by Master——"

"I know of it. And your blade, Monsieur?"

"At the same place."

We had now reached a place that seemed secluded. The highway stretched ahead and I saw that the carriage would soon be turned the woodlands that lay beyond the wall of London.

"The Queen will not stop at your escape," continued the Countess of Bly. "She will only become more determined."

"And yourself——"

"Oh, my horses can away, you see, and you escaped from the carriage before I could take you back to Master Lumpkin."

What a trick it was.

"One mile down this road," she went on, "is the house set in the midst of the trees. It is uninhabited. You will make it and wait. Tonight you will get back your sword and garments and Sir Blay another horse."

"Then I am to fight in my true colors—"

"Laid on. Are you not the best prize-fencer nee heck in London proper?" the woman asked me. "I have heard more than you wot of, sirree. I know you Thomas Hoad, sire Hal into the street when he interfered to your defense in the affair with the wench. Why is it, Monsieur Noel that men will play with names like Hal and Tom, the finest feathers can make them happiest?"

"She is pretty," said Kitty.

"She is as the rose that blows sell in Cheapside!" cried Lady Kitty, as her dark eyes seemed to flash across me. "The Jeweler's wench is low born——"

"What price, my vest?"

"I faith, you argue for her when I have saved your life," she flashed. "Turn the horses, Adam. We'll take the shameful dog over to Master Lumpkin."

"Nay," said I, as seems after a spell. "I'll try you, Monsieur Noel. Go to the house and wait. Go and forget the butterfly of Ludgate street."

"Forget Mistress May? I could not—not even for the wench who rescued me from the high Constable of London.

CHAPTER IX.
I GET MY GOOD BALDE BACK.

There was nothing left for me but to seek the house described by the gay Countess of Bly—the little house in the grove—and waiting my coming.

It was against my will even though I had the trash-hands of Queen Bess at my heels, to leave Mistress May and the Golden Lamb, was the first time I had ever masqueraded in a costume that my garments itched me all over.

I missed my velvet doublet, my plumed hat and good sword, to say nothing of my shoes with their silver buckles.

But I made my bow and farewell and posted off like a rascal toward the house.

Dodging from tree to tree I finally reached it to find a little forbidding looking place with heavy shutters at the windows, and the whole spirit wearing a gloomy look.

The place looked vacant and I soon discovered that the house was uninhabited.

I discovered that the front door was fastened so, peering in at the side of the building, I got inside and frightened some rats that scurried to the holding court in the largest room.

The interior of the house was dismal enough and when I thought that I would be compelled to spend the rest of the day there I shuddered, but not true to their expectants would not arrive before night, I curbed my fear.

The old house seemed to be a good rendezvous for the gentlemen of the road—men after the style of Jonathan Hal.

It was well hidden by the trees that screened it from the road and just the place for outpurses and such villians.

The day wore on.

With the first long shadows of evening I watched at one of the shuttered windows for my friend.

Of course the Countess could not come in person, but would send my clothes by one of her servitors and I watched eagerly for his appearance.

The wind sang a dismal song through the trees whose branches touched the house and I listened, growing more and more discontented as the moments drifted slowly away.

All at once I caught sight of a fluttering figure and drew back.

Footsteps came toward the house, then I lost sight of the person, but in another minute heard the lifting of a latch beside me.

"Monsieur?" said a cautious voice.

"Here!" said I, stepping forward.

"Your garments," was the answer and the man placed a bundle of something on the floor.

"From Her Grace?" said I.

"For you, Monsieur," was the reply. "You will find everything there."

The speaker vanished and in the dim light that flittered into the chamber I unwrapped the bundle and found all my good clothes, my sword, my purse well filled with angels, and some good victuals beside.

For a moment my heart went out gratefully to Countess Kitty, but the next moment somehow, I thought of Mistress May. I felt instinctively that the jeweler's daughter would have done as much for me had it been in her power and I felt that the Countess Kitty was not the kind of a lady to have a motive which, after all, was not much to her credit.

It did not take me long to make way with the eatables and, after finishing them, I got into my own garments and felt like my old self again.

As I stood one hand into one of the pockets of my doublet I felt a folded paper which I drew forth.

There was still some little light at the main window of the room, so I went thither and opened the paper to read.

Opening it, I discovered that it was a note from Countess Kitty and it informed me that all London was excited over my escape from the high constable. She did not say how she had wrought the rescue, but I suspected that her scanding had shielded her and that her story of a runaway team must have been believed.

The note, which was slightly scented with a costly perfume, warned me to escape from the house about midnight, taking a certain road which I could easily find and follow it to the Thames.

Then I was to follow a certain little street to a house which would have a half-hooded light in one of its windows, where I was to knock and be admitted. Across the Channel and landed safely in my own country.

All this the Countess had planned for me. But my hot blood of youth was warm in my veins I did not like the plan.

I saw that I was to be huddled out of London and from the sight of Mistress May, the sole purpose of keeping me, not from the anger of Queen Bess, but from the clemency of the maid of Ludgate street.

That the Countess Kitty was furiously jealous of Mistress May I did not doubt for a moment.

I had discovered this before the reception of the scented note, and I laughed when I saw in it a confirmation of my belief.

I resolved to act in least part of the Countess's instructions and trust to luck to get my blade for the rest.

Midnight came slowly enough and I ventured from the house in the grove, taking the road designated by my fair helper and, traversing it, avoided the streaks of moonlight as much as possible.

My route led me through the environs of London where I found a good many lonely tap-rooms which I doubted not were frequented by adventuresome knights of the road.

Once or twice I thought of venturing in and trying my luck for a flagon of ale for I was thirsty, but a care for my life and happiness prevented.

At last, however, I reached the river and found the little street of the hooded light. It was a dingy looking place and I looked at last found it.

It was in the upper story of a building which was also a shop, but I did not give the preconcerted rap.

Instead, I crouched myself with drawing off and watching the place, with curiosity and caution.

Presently the lower door opened and I saw a man slip into the street.——

He paused on the narrow pave and looked cautiously around.

His appearance had a clerical cut and he wore a great cravat such as I had seen worn by the chins of the street preachers of Queen Bess's court.

As I eyed the man he drew from his coat a bottle from the contents of which he helped himself, after which he gave vent to his satisfaction.

This was more than I could stand for I had given the tap-rooms the go-by, so I darted forward, caught the fellow by the collar and demanded that he give me a share from his bottle.

He drew back with a strange cry.

"Verily, thou son of Baal!" cried he. "I am not a candle-waster. I am the Reverend Hackalish Hanks——"

"Indeed?" cried I, interrupting him. "Then you carry some spiritual comfort about your person."

He denied in the most strenuous tones that he had a bottle about his person, but I pushed him against the wall of the house and searched him.

I found the little bottle, but the gold wrench had vanished and I quit flung it away.

"Who inhabits this house?" asked I.

"I do."

"Was any one expected here tonight?"

"No one that I can remember."

"Then, then——"

I hesitated, not wishing to give my friend, the Countess, away to a stranger.

"Then what, sir?" asked Master Hanks."

Before he could answer there was a rush of half a dozen men from an adjoining alley and I threw the man aside and drew my sword.

"The traitor! the drawer of Lord Leicester's blood!" they cried as they came at me with the mien of so many tigers. "Take him alive, masters. This is the French cattle!"

"Say you so?" I answered them, as I backed against the house with my sword point at their throats. "Know, ye varlets of London, Let us have it out here in royal style," and I cut one fellow across the face, sending him back among his fellows with a wild cry.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH I SEE GOOD QUEEN BESS.

For a moment the rascals seemed to have had enough of me. I could perceive that I was to fight the whole lot.

The fellow whom I had slashed so beautifully was raging like a lion and calling upon his companions to make short work of me while he mixed his oil and with ill grace and I seized the breathing spell to place myself the better on the side of the door.

"Down with the Frenchman!" they cried. "Seize him, men. Remember 'tis the Queen's command, and the hundred pounds for the arrest of the swashbuckler from Gascony. Come on, my brave fellows, and we'll have him in limbo in a little while."

On they came, the whole lot of them, and I had the comforting thought that the Reverend Hackailah Hanks drew off and watched the unequal contest once again.

The foremost fellow was a giant in stature and as active as a squirrel.

I singled him out the first and only wished that he had received the sword cut instead of the unduly prize.

"At him, Captain Dick!" cried those behind him. "We'll back you up and have the rascal in cords in a jiffy."

I laughed in my sleeve at this boast for I was sure the noble did not know what one could do with a blade who had learned under the famed Saverdo.

I lunged at the head leader of the band and forced him back, but that moment some one thing a heavy stick at me and it crashed across my face.

I house half-blinded by the blow. All the stars in the firmament seemed to dance before my eyes, but I kept my head in spite of it all.

Bleeding, for the stick had cut, with its cruel end, I lost my temper a bit and for the next moment I was among the rascals, cutting them right and left like the best.

There were many cries, and huge curses and [illegible] of the duke's men [illegible] ground while the others had [illegible]

The peril and the victory were mine.

Worse yet was the plight of my friend, Hackailah Hanks, but that worthy was not to be seen.

When he had taken flight I did not know, for I was too busy with the others and I did not think back.

Suddenly a window over my head screeched as it was opened and I looked up.

The night-watch is coming," said a woman's voice. "You will be haled to prison in a moment, if you be a respectable house—"

"I doubt it not from what I have seen tonight," I broke in. "Did you expect a sailor?"

"But we did, but you are not he."

"Who bargained with you for retreat for your visitor?"

"The Countess of Ely, sir."

"Good. Then I am the visitor."

"But, sirrer, the night watch is too close for to admit you now. You must look out for yourself."

The window closed and the face vanished.

I now plainly heard the tramp of the night-watch at hand.

There was nothing left for me again but flight.

Pressing my sword close to my side, I bolted from the spot and, with the speed of a deer, disappeared in the dark street.

Fortunately no one seemed abroad else I would have afforded with half a dozen people, but turning quickly into another street, I had escaped the guards.

Now indeed was I a fugitive in the heart of London.

I hastened rapidly as I ran, now looking over my shoulder as one naturally will when fleeing, then on until I reached Cheapside, the street best known to me.

There I found some lights which I deemed it best to avoid and I must have cut out exciting figure as I lifted on and on, shunning the lights of the busy shadows.

Finally I passed in the dark shade of a tall house and flanked to myself.

The look of the Louvre, one of the best swordsmen of Paris, running like a scared hare from unknown enemies was hilarious in the extreme.

I drew breath and communed with myself as to the best step which it was best for him to do.

Now that I had been flushed again I would surely have London at my heels.

The battle was not yet over and it was one sword against the vengeance of Queen Bess.

How I wished I could meet Leicester.

I would delight to mark him so that his royal mistress would not know her latest favorite.

I would send him to her parlors with the autograph of the Gascon Bury on his poll.

I was in a midst of myself communing, when I heard a great shouting down the street, then a flare of trumpets and the broadening flashings of a thousand torches.

What did it mean?

Scurrying people emerged from their dwellings and stared with distended eyes.

"Marry! 'tis Her Majesty!" cried one near me. She is returning from the Duke of Bridgewater's ball. Long live Good Bess for ye varlets!"

It was soon in the midst of the excited crowd, unrecognised as the most wanted man in London.

I laughed under my breath at the situation and wondered what the people around me would think if they knew that a good three hundred pounds were within reach.

The blare of the trumpets increased in volume, the lights soon illuminated the whole street and I become as curious as the rest.

First came the band of royal night-watchers with their swords drawn and their brilliant uniforms showing well in the light. Then there rode twenty splendidly attired gentlemen on foot, and behind them, ye varlets of London. Let us have it out here in royal style," and I cut one fellow across the face, sending him back among his fellows with a wild cry.

them, guarded, came a large sedan chair well curtained, and I knew that behind the velvet reposed the sovereign of England.

The guards cleared the street, the princeling horses champed and the sedan chair while all eyes were fixed on the sedan chair.

It was borne by a great number in gorgeous livery and beside it on the right walked the old enemy, Leicester.

"Tis Leicester," cried the people who surrounded me. "'Tis the gallant Leicester who has assaulted the Spanish Fleet, and there were groans and hisses for Noel de Dilly.

I drew back a little for I cared not to meet the searching gaze of Leicester just at this time, but I was not to escape the faculty of picking out his enemies at a glance.

In another moment the Queen was opposite me.

The curtains of the chair were drawn, but just thrust a hand from within parted them and I caught a glimpse of Majesty.

She spoke in low tones to my Lord Leicester and he bowed, saying something in a low voice.

It was not a very pretty face that I saw before me, but there was a look of pride, not near so fair as the face of the maid of Lorraine nor yet a witness as the face of Countess Kitty.

The populace about me made obeisance as the Queen had done and I did not know why.

"Why don't you bow to the Queen?" cried some one and a hand struck the back of Beelzebub. Throw the clodpate into the gutter!"

At that moment the Queen's chair stopped in front of me.

"What is that disturbance, friends?" asked Leicester.

"I know not, sirrer but what will not bow to the Queen!" cried some one.

I saw Leicester turn toward me and loose forward.

His hand had fallen upon the jeweled hilt of his sword.

"I'll teach the dog manners!" he cried, "Strike him down, men, and we'll see who is the best sword in the realm."

The light of one torch fell on me and pushed me forward, then I jerked back and, not intending to have a fit with my enemy just at that time, sprang for my life into the crowd and, reaching an empty space near the houses, I started off afresh again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOWER IN THE GARDEN.

Love, I wot, is a great magnet.

It draws one afar and makes a slave of the strongest man.

Thus it was with me that dark morning in London town. The face of Countess Kitty followed me Homslow Hall."

"And in Paris, say, as well? It is a wonder that they have not held up my friend, the Countess."

Again that sudden pallor which I had noticed before came over the maid's face.

"Nay, sirrer, I know not," she said, feebly. "'Tis said that she is abroad at all hours and, indeed, she has never been touched by the hold-up gentry."

"It cannot be," I said, "for I will say nothing against Her Grace," cried the maid. "She is mistress of her estate and I doubt not, she has a good turn, Monsieur, but she may have encountered something deeper than you have mentioned. She is a cunning wench."

For some little time we talked on in this strain when I changed the conversation into another channel.

"Tell Mistress May the whole story of my life.

I told her what a reckless young blade was Noel De Bury, how I had ranged about a number of the House of Stois in the forest of Fontainebleau and had been bundled out of France on account of the duel and, finally, how I had come to be so unlucky as to incur the hatred of the Queen.

"They are after me, find you," said she at the conclusion of my narrative, "and you will not think of looking for you here unless——"

She paused suddenly and left the sentence unfinished.

"You do not think she would give them the clews?" I asked.

"Why, a quite smart she made.

"Ah, Monsieur, you have guessed!" she cried, clapping her hands. "She is the cause of your coming to this spot you may blame Her Grace, the Countess of Ely."

How jealous a woman be and yet how ungrateful thought I.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

All that day the little tower in the jeweler's garden was my cover.

And whenever I thought of the friend who guarded my secret I fondly imagined myself safe.

How long I slept I do not know, but when I opened my eyes I started, for a face was among the vines and a white hand was holding them apart.

For a moment I could not believe my eyes.

The sun was up again, showering his warm rays on city and river and London was wide awake.

But it was the face of Mistress May that drew me.

How long she had been watching me in my sleep I could not tell, but when I started to my feet she drew back, but the next moment her life were withheld with a smile.

"You, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, coming forward and the vines dropped behind her like a curtain. "In the name of the saints, open and you choose to rest in my garden?"

"When a fox is chased he is liable to run from the hounds anywhere for a spell," I answered. "And where is a better retreat than a lady's dower?"

I noticed that a sign of fright brightened her eyes.

Her voice was full of mingled fear and interest.

"You have been chased, then?" said she.

"Yes, by the guards. The minions of Leicester would like to capture a gentleman of France."

"I thought——"

She stopped and stared at me as if for the first time she noticed my change of clothing.

"But thing wears his rightful feathers now!" said I with a smile, surveying my apparel. "I am Noel De Bury and not the Huguenot."

She sat beside me on the bench and I related how I had ventured into the garden with Homslow Hall in her father's shop.

Never had a story teller a better listener.

She seemed to forget every word as it dropped from my lips.

She was a fair maiden, notably when I told of my fight with the constable and his man, and when I mentioned the name of the Countess Ely her face whitened.

"Monsieur," said she, still colorlessly, "you are in danger here. They will beat the bush for you and the bush is London town. They will not have the best over till she secures you. Leicester is her last favorite and——"

She [illegible] Blood-letting at the Golden Lamb?"

"Just so, Monsieur. It was bad blood you let out on that occasion, but it was the blood of Leicester."

"Yes."

"He will have new rewards out this very day. And the Countess Ely, she is my Queen's vengeance."

"But I fear her not," said I, with some bravado.

Mistress May laughed and laid her soft white hand on my arm.

"What is one man against the whole realm?" she asked, quick as quite the best at last. It is a question of endurance and they will set fresh hounds on the trail at any time."

I had not thought of this, but it was true. Your father——"

"He never invades this garden," she interrupted. "He is never alone."

"And a pretty place it is!" cried I, "A little paradise tumbled by an fairy."

"Monsieur is pleased to flatter," I am but the daughter of the jeweler of Ludgate street, and this is but a bower in a garden where you [illegible] Homslow Hall into the street in the midnight robbery."

"It was a shame to treat you so," I said. "But this wagamuna should invade the city—"

"Monsieur, speak not of it," broke in the maid." she put in. "The wolves of the woods are preferable to the men of London. But the other night they halted the carriage of the Duchess of Canoriui near Charing Cross and robbed her of her wedding jewels."

"Where was the watch?"

"Always never where it should be," she answered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is even said that the train-bands are in the pay of the

"Sir, I will say nothing against Her Grace," cried the maid. "She is mistress of her estate and I doubt not, she has a good turn, Monsieur, but she may have encountered something deeper than you have mentioned. She is a cunning wench."

For some little time we talked on in this strain when I changed the conversation into another channel.

I told Mistress May the whole story of my life.

I told her what a reckless young blade was Noel De Bury, how I had ranged about a number of the House of Stois in the forest of Fontainebleau and had been bundled out of France on account of the duel and, finally, how I had come to be so unlucky as to incur the hatred of the Queen.

"They are after me, find you," said she at the conclusion of my narrative, "and you will not think of looking for you here unless——"

She paused suddenly and left the sentence unfinished.

"You do not think she would give them the clews?" I asked.

"Why, a quite smart she made.

"Ah, Monsieur, you have guessed!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "She is the cause of your coming to this spot you may blame Her Grace, the Countess of Ely."

How jealous a woman be and yet how ungrateful thought I.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

All that day the little tower in the jeweler's garden was my cover.

And whenever I thought of the friend who guarded my secret I fondly imagined myself safe.

She did not entrust the bringing of my meals to the servant, but brought them herself and sat beside me while I ate.

Reluctantly I saw night come again for I had made up my mind to get away and not compromise the lass of London linger.

All that day Mistress May said nothing concerning my capture.

Once in the afternoon she slipped into the house and returning, told me that I was still hunted.

How I longed to go out and face Leicester and his minions!

I felt that I was bringing disgrace upon the House of Stois by hiding myself as a woman's garden watched by the fair creature herself, I whose sword was the best in France.

When night came, settling down over London, I went to the door of the retreat and parted the vines.

The sky was studded with stars, I inhaled the odors of the flowers that beset the garden and listened, as a hunted person will, for murderous sounds.

The vikings was quiet.

I stood for some little time at the door and then, eager to see what was going on in the street, I stole forth and went up the walk to the side gate.

No one saw me I am sure.

I kept in the shadow of the shop and reached the gate in a few seconds.

As I touched the latch my self, I heard the rumble of wheels and saw a carriage approaching.

In an instant I drew back for I had recognised the cream colored horses of Countess Kitty.

There sat Adam, holding the lines, while in the vehicle itself, reposed the Countess.

To my astonishment the coach drew toward the pave in front of the jeweler's shop and the beauty sprang out with the grace of a young girl.

What meant this visit?

I knew that a lesson of the Countess's distinction did not patronise a small jeweler like Master Satterlee, and my visit must have a bit of reference to me.

Disturbed in the extreme, the Countess Kitty deftly walked toward the shop, the door of which was open again.

Leaning forward I followed her with my eyes.

I heard the tapping of her heels on the shop floor and waited to catch Master Satterlee's voice.

"A pleasant night, Your Grace," he said in tones of astonishment, every word of which was distinctly heard by me.

"Lud! just as if I were not aware of it, Master Satterlee," was the response. "By faith! I've had been better weather."

"Would you inspect my wares, lady?"

"I buy not in Ludgate," she said with ringing laughter. "Fancies most have frightened Master Satterlee, as I've seldom I trollop down this nasty street. Where might I find your daughter?"

"My daughter May?"

"Even she. I want to see the whole brood!" exclaimed Countess Kitty. "Reshrew me! what sort of a man are you, jeweler?"

"My daughter May is in the adjoining room, Your Grace."

"Never mind, sir. I will find her!"

Not far behind me was a window which looked from the street into the jeweler's shop.

It was used at times as a sitting-room by the little family, and there at night, as I afterward learned, Master Satterlee discussed before retiring, the happenings of the day.

I doubted not it was to the room that the jeweler referred and I drew back to the window with a quick movement.

As I reached the spot I heard a door open and close and then a little cry of recognition.

A lamp hanging above a settle illuminated the small apartment and for a moment I looked in covertly I saw that the two women stood face to face.

Mistress May had unthroned for a moment a look of fright, but it soon gave way for one of calmness.

The Countess of Ely stood in the middle of the chamber her own face flushed and her gloved hands nervously at her side.

"Where is he, wench?" she cried in the bitterness of a woman scorned. "Where have you hidden the man wanted by Her Majesty?"

Mistress May, with the finesse of a cunning woman affected surprise.

"What person, Your Grace? Indeed you speak in riddles and I' faith' you must give me better words than these."

The Countess Kitty stamped the floor in her rage.

"Oh, idle!" cried she. "Must I talk baby talk to you, woman? You understand? Where have you hidden Noel De Bury?"

I waited breathless for the girl's reply.

Something told me that the loss of London would be a blessing for this maid and that she could fence with her and best her at her own deep game.

"Dead or alive, I will give any asylum who is under the Queen's ban!" cried Mistress May.

"He is here—somewhere in this house," I heard. I was dumb and the maid of Ludgate got a set expression of defiance.

She seemed to increase in stature and mentally I was aware that the fair lass as they regarded the impassioned woman before her.

"Your Noel De Bury is not here," she coolly said the girl, "what right have you to search it?"

"The right of might!" was the quick, biting answer. "Understand that I am Countess of Ely, near to the Queen herself, one of nobility of the realm."

"And the rescuer of a hunted man from the hands of the high constable."

Not for the world would the Countess of Ely have London know that the runaway was no runaway at all, but a clever trick to save a hunted man.

"It is false!" hissed the woman in velvet and lace. "He is a——liar!"

My own cheeks tingled at this insult to the woman I loved.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

SALLOW FACES

Often Caused by Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that coffee so disturbs digestion that it produces a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum Food Coffee has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up bad complexions.

A Washn. young lady tells her experience:

"All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years, until finally we all had stomach troubles, more or less.

"We were all sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves.

"We didn't realize that coffee was the cause of the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave up some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we were forced to try Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

"We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We were all able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a reason."

Too Gay.

The Puritan mind dozed over her knitting and dropped a stitch in her father's stocking.

"Priscilla," said the old gentleman, sternly, "be more careful."

"Why, father," said Priscilla in surprise, "there is no great harm in dropping a stitch in your stocking, is there?"

"Yes, my daughter. Surely you would not have it gossiped about that your staid old sire wore drop-stitched stockings like the dudes of two hundred years from now?"

And Priscilla, shocked at the very thought, began to unravel the whole stocking.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckles, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

In Olden Days.

Mark Antony was so busy making love to Cleopatra that he forgot the departure of the express.

"Well, that settles it," he growled. "Now I am going to miss that poker game down in Rome."

Then he smiled.

"Oh, well," he continued, philosophically, "I guess I am just as well off here in Egypt holding queen."

And Cleopatra was so pleased that she blushed like a summer girl.

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give free to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 9 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Innocence.

Mrs. A.—You appear pleased, my dear?

Mrs. Z.—Indeed I am. You know while I was in the country George went fishing and the neighbors said he came home with a beautiful "skate."

Mrs. A.—And is that why you are so pleased?

Mrs. Z.—Certainly, my dear. I looked in the encyclopedia and found out that a "skate" is a large fish.

Too Much for Him.

Father Time, found engaged in cutting hay with his scythe, was asked what had become of his old friend the foolkiller.

"Oh, he is dead," sighed Father Time. "Dead! Why, it was his duty to remain on earth and kill all the fools."

"Yes, but while he was investigating 'Jump-the-Jump,' 'Fly-the-Fly' and the 'Worst-Yet' he got killed himself."

Tough Test.

Poet—Why is it Quips has stopped writing jokes on the boarding-house beefsteak of late? Does he think it is a chestnut?

Hard—No, but you see Quips has started boarding of late and he finds the tough beefsteak is no joke.

Ways and Means.

"But I do not approve of his ways," protested the pretty girl.

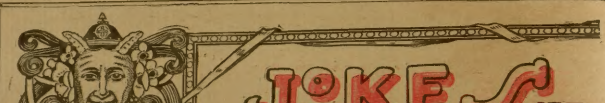
"Never mind about his ways, my dear," replied her mother. "He has unlimited means."

Another Failure.

Diggs—Blowitz is a victim of misplaced confidence.

Higgs—In whom did he confide?

Diggs—In himself.



Same Old Story.

Cyrus—I swan. If they keep on tapping old Niagara the falls will dry up.

Silas—That's more than the folks who went there on their honeymoon will do. They never dry up telling about the trip.

Waiting.

"Is Mr. Spooner still waiting to see me?"

"Yes, Miss Ethel, he's been waiting nearly an hour."

"That's good. He's had plenty of time to think of something to say."

IN AFTER YEARS.

Wife—Only to think—three years ago you vowed eternal love!
Husband—Well, how long do you expect eternal love to last, anyway!

A Married Man's Choice.

A company of Garnett married people were discussing the day on which they would be married if they were making a second venture.

"And what day would you prefer, hubby dear?" asked one of the prepossessing matrons, turning to her devoted little mate.

With an absent-minded I-wish-my-soul-were-my-own look upon his careworn face, the obedient one replied:

"The thirtieth day of February, please."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"You will excuse me, please," said the tailor, "but this is to be your wedding suit, I shall expect payment on delivery."

"Why, sir, what do you mean?" queried the young man. "Haven't I always paid you promptly heretofore?"

"Yes, sir," replied the tailor, "but you were a bachelor and had the handling of your own money."

Wanted the Money.

"I wish," said the man as she entered Skinner's office, "you would kindly put your name down for a dollar on this subscription list."

"Certainly, madam," replied Skinner, dipping his pen in the ink.

"There," he continued, as he blotted the signature. "Now hand over the dollar."

Limit.

Gunner—I asked that Chinaman when the Chinese invented fan-tan.

Guyer—What did he say?

Gunner—Why, he said they invented fan-tan when they got tired of playing bridge whist six thousand years ago.

She Was a Jumper.

Judging from the number of "Lover's Leaps" at the various mountain resorts, the favorite amusement of the aboriginal maiden must have been jumping over precipices.

Not a Trouble Seeker.

Wedderly—Why don't you take a wife, old man?

Singleton—And thereby do some married man a personal favor? Not me.

Mathematical Paradox.

"One and one are one," 'tis said,
When a man and woman marry;
But the addition rights itself—
When there's a little one to carry.

Exception.

"We reap as we sow," said the moralizer.

"I never do," rejoined the demoralizer. "I'm an amateur gardener, you know."

Helpful Nature.

"Nature is wondrous kind," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"Connect me with your line of thought," said the dense party.

"Well, for example," explained the t. t., "just as the medical colleges get busy turning out graduates the little green apple gets its work in."

Crucial Test.

"He said he was blase. Devoid of emotion. Nothing would surprise him."

"And he is still that way?"

"No, he received a shock the other day that almost made him faint."

"Ah, he witnessed some great accident?"

"No, his wife started downtown shopping and only asked for 39 cents."

An Error in Judgment.

"You haven't been a barber very long, have you?" queried the victim in the chair.

"I have been following my present profession for ten years, sir," answered the man behind the razor, somewhat tartly.

"Huh!" said the victim. "I thought you had just been culled from the stockyards by a muck raker."

Sorry He Spoke.

Gritty George—Yee, mum. I am de funny tramp yee read about on de comic sheet.

Kind Lady—Oh, I am so glad!

Gritty George—And why are yer glad, mum?

Kind Lady—Because if you are really so funny as all that you must be a cut-up. There is the woodpile.

Considerate.

Kind Lady—You are a strong and healthy-looking man. Why don't you go to work?

The Hobo—Well, it's like dis, ma'am. I ain't got nobody ter look out for but meself, an' if I got work I might be deprivin' a man with a wife and a lot uv kids of a job.

Not Guilty.

The Beggar—Please, sir, will you kindly spare a poor old man who has three wives to support?

The Pedestrian—What, do you mean to say you are a bigamist?

The Beggar—Oh, no, sir. Two of them are the wives of my sons-in-law.

Two of a Kind.

Her Father—But, sir, you are not the sort of man I should like to see my daughter marry.

Young Man—Oh, that's all right. You're not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law, but I'm not going to make your daughter miserable by refusing to marry her on that account.

Those Dear Friends.

Mildred—Mr. Oldham asked my opinion about sending you a birthday present and I told him you had stopped sending birthdays five years ago. Was that right?

Helen—Yes, I believe so. At least, it was three years after you stopped.

Only Too Willing.

Mickey—I see in der paper where dere was a syndicate being formed to knock down penniless dukes and earls to American girls at auction.

Jimmy—Gee, I'd like to knock down a few widout going to auction.

She—Haven't we been engaged long enough to get married?
He—We've been engaged too blamed long. I haven't a cent left.

Doesn't Work Both Ways.

"It is very funny,"
"What is?"
"You often meet people who are poor and proud, but you never met a person who was rich and humble!"

Possible Explanation.

Myer—Just look at that loud suit, Green has on! A man who will wear clothes like that must be deficient in taste.

Gyer—Oh, I don't know. Perhaps he is hard of hearing.

JOLLITY

Practical Green.

Comedian—And you were raised in a quaint old country town? Don't you ever think of the dear old village green?

Soubrette—No, it keeps me busy thinking of the dear old long green these days.

Cut Out the Noise.

Neighbors—I hope that drum I gave your little boy on his birthday doesn't cause you any annoyance.

Homer—Not in the least. His uncle gave him a knife the same day.

Wife—Married life is getting very monotonous. George and I've been married six years now. I believe I'll get a divorce and marry him again. Wouldn't you?

Mixed Metaphors.

His Wife—When you proposed to me you said you were well off.

Her Husband—And I told you the truth.

His Wife—Then how do you account for the fact that you haven't any money now?

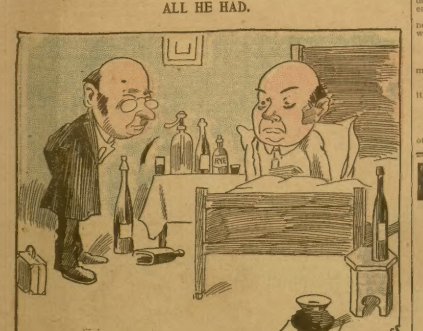
Her Husband—Oh, I didn't have any money then, but I was single.

A Pair of Asses.

Deacon Giles—Doctor, there's a question I have been wanting to ask you. In what language did the ass speak Balaam?

The Reverend Doctor Fourthly—In its own language, Balaam had been making an ass of himself and he had no trouble in understanding.

ALL HE HAD.



Doctor—I've come to take your temperature. Convalescent—I suppose it's all I have left.

The Advantage of Wealth.

Physician (sympathetically)—I regret to inform you that your little son's mental weakness is incurable.

Mother—How fortunate it is that we are so rich. No one will ever notice it.

A Strange Fact Explained.

Tottie (aged five)—I wonder why babies is always born in the night time?

Lottie (aged seven, a little wiser)—Don't you know? 'Cos they want to make sure of finding their mothers at home.

Newspaper Doctoring.

Exchange Editor—I am very sorry, sir, but there is something the matter with the nerves and muscles of my face, so it nearly kills me to laugh, and I wish you would have some one else do the joke clipping to-day.

Able Editor—Certainly. Give our humorist your address, and you take his place and do the joke writing until your face gets well.

Modern Journalism.

City Editor—Did you secure a detailed report of that prize fight for Monday's paper?

Reporter—First class; chuck full of horrible brutalities.

City Editor—Good! Tell the foreman to put it in the middle of the page, and then I wish you'd start out among the churches and get two or three good sermons to pack around it. We've got to keep our paper respectable, somehow.

Safe From Cupid's Darts.

Visitor (at studio)—I do not see how an artist could paint such a beautiful woman without falling in love with her.

Great Artist—I assure you, madame, that while painting that picture I never once thought of love.

Visitor—Is it possible?

Great Artist—Yes. You see, the model was my wife.

What Ailed Him.

Honest Barber—Mr. Jenks, you know I never bother my customers about buying my hair restoratives, and such things, but I must say to you, in all candor, that your hair is disappearing dreadful fast. Now, my Elixir of Life, if applied in time—

Mr. Jenks (sadly)—No use, my friend. Nothing can stop my hair from coming out, but death or divorce.

Perils of Wealth.

Jinks—Every day I read in the papers about some great man being injured by smoking. The last one is King Edward. The doctors have stopped him. Now, I must say, as I'm a smoker myself, such things trouble me.

Winks—Oh, don't worry. All those men are rich and can afford to smoke real tobacco.

Need of Haste.

Mrs. Lakeside (rushing into a Chicago court)—Where's the judge, quick?

Bystander—Right here. What's wrong?

Mrs. Lakeside—I just ran away from my husband, and he's after me, not three squares behind, and I want to divorce him for desertion before he gets here.

A Desirable Location.

Philadelphian (in upper New York)—Good-morning, sir, and do you charge three thousand dollars a year for these flats?

Landlord (proudly)—Yes, sir-ee. These are the only flats in the city in which live goats can be seen from the front windows.

Willing to Wait.

Prospective Father-in-law—See here! You don't expect to begin life where your parents and wife's parents left off, do you?

Prospective Son-in-law—Oh, no. There's no hurrying about marrying. I'd rather wait and begin life when you leave off.

Not a Good Plan.

Gyer—It isn't always a good plan for a man to try to make a name for himself.

Myer—Why not?

Gyer—Well, I knew a man once who tried it, and he was arrested for forgery.

Mercy a Supposition.

Hyker—The days are growing shorter.

Pyker—Yes; due to the strenuous efforts of organized labor, I suppose.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. Write for special offer. 1906 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster Brake and Pattern Rear Fenders. 1904 & 1905 Models **$7 to $12**
all of best makes **500 Second-Hand Wheels** Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL**. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you write us and get our catalogue and our unheard of offers. Do it now. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 107 CHICAGO

HANDSOME PREMIUMS for little work. Catalog Free. Rhodes Mfg. Co., 107 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Practical, foreman. MacMasters, 108, Peru, Ind.

COMBINATION DIPPER Sells on sight. Every man buys. Write for terms. Sample postpaid, 25c. STAMPING CO., ATTICA, N. Y.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits, Exclusive Field. Terms Free. HERMES AGENCY CO., Box 203, Station L, New York

STARK GROWN best by Test—78 YEARS. We Want MORE SALESMEN Now. Weekly PAY CASH Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

$75 Month and Expenses to experience needed, position permanent, salesmen. PEASE MFG. CO., 66s W, CINCINNATI, OHIO

WE HAVE OPENING now in every State for man or woman to handle our Guaranteed Specialties. Necessary if healthy. Good pay. Permanent. Introduce Tobacco Worth, Sec F 13, Danville, Va.

$3 a Day Sure. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write us to-day. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1301, Detroit, Mich.

IF YOU ARE AN AGENT— or want to become one send for our handsome MAGNETIC COMBS FREE. Greatest seller ever sold, a sure to almost every one. PROF. LONG, 226 4th St., Peking, Ill.

DETECTIVES Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary; good for two hundred dollars monthly. Write for particulars. GEORGE C. KAPPES, Detective System, 11 Cincinnati, O.

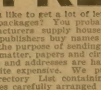
AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Made-To-Order Suits and Pants. Suits from $10.50 up. Pants, $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission. Write for terms. Don't be misled, write to one for sample outfit, particulars and terms.
Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 487, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED Reliable Men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods, tacking up show cardon trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Salary or commission, $900 a year, or $80 a month and expenses $3 a day for hotel bills and all traveling expenses. Steady work. No canvassing. Horse and buggy furnished. Write for full particulars. ATLAS MEDICINAL CO., London, Canada, Canada

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere Big Catalog and Sample Outfit Free Agents given 30 days' credit; pay the wholesale price for what is delivered, and keep the profit. No Risky needed; everything furnished except the goods you manage the business. We will show you how to succeed. Many Agents are making $5000 to $10000 a year. Write to-day. Agents $2 to $5 Per Hour. We have a full line of street pictures, stereoscopes and stereoscopic views. Exclusive territory. Outfit free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO. 220-218 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

MAGIC BILL BOOK! An ancient, mystical and useful article. Can be carried in ordinary pocket book. Positively mailed for 20c. AGENTS WANTED



W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write to-day. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

Gerald—I'm going to kiss you when the clock strikes.
Geraldine—Let's see who will hear it first.

The Real Thing.

Maggie—Do you really love me, Chimmie?
Jimmie—Do I? Why, I'd sooner hold your hand than a ticket at an umpire.

Isn't it sad that the average man spends all his life looking for his ideal woman, and then in the meantime gets married?

A Trifling Error.

Was his marriage a big mistake?"
"No, very small, it is only costing him $19 a week although."

HONOR AMONG THIEVES;

OR

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

By ERNEST DE LACEY PIERSON,
author of "A Slave of Circumstances," "The Black Bell," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE STRANGE HOUSE.

"Well, I swow, if it ain't a woman!" exclaimed the big man, "or a mighty pooty one at that! Well ma'am ye done me an' me friend a great service. A few minutes more an' it would ha' been all up with us!" as he deposited his limp burden on the ground. A very dirty and disreputable looking object this man seemed to be, as she approached timidly and bent over him.

"Oh, it is not he!" she exclaimed, in a disappointed voice. "Was there no one else with you in the house?" she asked, turning away and addressing the tall man.

"Faith, I wasn't two of us enough to get ketched in such a frightful trap as you'n' toddling towards the building. 'Sure, Pendrick himself, I'll bet, never had a closer call."

"Pendrick?"

"The same, and at your service, though somewhat seedy," said the little man, who seemed to be very much at ease, and now advanced towards the pair. "Why, is it really you, Miss Gabrielle?" he exclaimed to the lady. "If I had not such a good memory for faces I should never have known you in that garb. I can't imagine what brought you here but——"

"I was trying to find Gilbert—I am so disappointed," she faltered on the verge of tears. "And after all I have gone through!"

"I am sorry we can't fill his place, but you will not find us ungrateful. You can now understand why it was that I was unable to keep my engagement with you. And what brought you here?"

She told him in as few words as possible. The detective seemed to be highly interested.

"You are a brave young woman," he said, when she had finished her story, "and Mr. Renwood will prove worthy of such devotion. We owe our lives to you and we shall not forget. Give me that bunch of keys Gilbert—you were lucky enough to find. I may have use for them this night."

"But, after all you have gone through—you are ready to go on with the case?" she asked, wondering what an iron vitality this little man must have.

"It is not a time to think of one's feelings," he replied. "I must make the most of this bunch of luck which chance has thrown in our way. If we delay the enemy will be able to escape. But consider, I do have use for the keys this very night. Who knows but I may be able to bring you some intelligence about Renwood. He is safe enough, depend on it, since no one could grab anything by burning him."

"Beg pardon, Captain, but off there by the tenement house I saw a couple o' fellers hoverin' about. It might be the thing's come back to look for the keys, or hold an inquest on the remains," he added, with a chuckle at his joke.

"Why, we had better get out of sight. I've no desire to meet those chaps again at close quarters," said the detective, casting a look in the direction indicated. "I think there were two men moving about by the walls of the building."

"Come this way," and Pendrick, taking the young lady by the arm, led her behind a ruined hedge near the house while the big fellow took up his position a few paces away.

"It might excite attention if we were to take to the open ground," explained the detective. "Sit down, you look worn out. I guess a little cool dust won't harm that dress, and this is the best place for the ground," as he stripped off his grimy coat and spread it for her to sit upon.

She was glad enough to accept the invitation, for a certain trembling sensation in the limbs warned her that outside excitement would soon revolt and that there was a limit to endurance.

She must have fallen into a doze when an excited exclamation from the little man beside her drew her attention.

"What now?" she asked wearily.

"The house is on fire," he whispered, "I'm sorry too, for it might have contained evidence against those people that I could have used."

She rose to her knees and peered through a hole in the hedge.

Smoke was gushing out of the lower part of the old building, then came the sound of an explosion inside and a great orange flame shot upward, bathing the whole surroundings in a strange light.

She saw two men hovering about the building, one bent and old, and the other the well dressed person she had followed there. Only for a moment did they stand within her range of vision and then they disappeared.

The old house was now aflame from cellar to roof, its old time-worn timbers burning merrily. Above the crackling sound the fire produced, she heard the jingling of bells, and a confused tumult of voices growing gradually more distinct.

"Now we can get away unseen," said the detective, touching her on the arm. "The engines will be here in a minute, as for the people, here they come," and even as he spoke a cloud around them the fields seemed to be filled with a yelling multitude. A wild rabble it was and birds of the night. Men, women, and even a few children.

Pendrick drew her away while the human wave surged on. She could see them declaiming about the house singing hoarsely and uttering terrible yells. What was the last picture to photograph itself on her mind that night. Of what happened afterwards she had no very clear idea, except of being helped into some sort of vehicle, of falling asleep, then waking to find Miss Goggins bending over her and then oblivion again.

Not many straws away from Mrs. Goggins's house of entertainment for discreet customers, Gilbert Renwood was trying to while away the little dreary hours wondering at what friends and perhaps foes were doing in his name.

He was beginning to find his imprisonment irksome, even though he had had plenty to read and the best of things to eat and drink. But an artist is not the sort of man to be kept long in one place, and to find content like a person used to toiling over a desk eight or more hours a day, and he missed his studio.

He had not even received a call from Doctor Mordecai. That was a wonder to him since he expected to be questioned in the strongest manner by his strange visitor. That the Doctor knew he had been brought there sure of, as soon as he rose in the morning and found a bag of gold lying through which that friendly rascal had entered. The room, too, was the night before, for he was replaced with stouter ones. How it had been accomplished while he slept was a cause for wonder, but he was not going to trouble his head that Mordecai could accomplish anything. That he owed his release and was pleased at what that mysterious gentleman might do.

It would be out of the question for him to expect help from the genial burglar now, for it did not enter his head that the expert personage would be able to force his way in through the window.

When he made the proposition, that if Mordecai would bring any enemy of the red ribbon on the curtain to him he would, the artist had no idea that he would soon be in a position to accept that friendly proffer of liberty. His views had changed in twenty-four hours. Nothing but the entrance of a servant who brought the meals, but his thoughts met with failure. The fellow was either a fool or he had been frightened to keep mum when with his prisoner.

Then he began to speculate on Mordecai's defection, for though he was rather afraid of him and had grown to mistrust the fellow possessed a certain cynical humor that was entertaining.

So it was that Renwood sought the stately bed with the canopy top in a very sulky frame of mind, and the night air very slowly did not add to his composure. Accustomed to taking a great deal of exercise, and living as much as possible in the open, he found that this sort of life would soon drive him nearly mad.

Hang the infernal Doctor! Why had he been so weak as to trust himself in his hands? Perhaps after all he had only had his head on that oily and had no one to advise him. Then he remembered the keys which he had not found, but supposed, chosen the least. To have refused Mordecai's offer would have been to make him a prisoner on the very scene of the quarrel once before him. It was a dramatic scene he delivered when he thought of it. How she had snatched up those cruel, cunning fangs, and threatened him with it. Then the struggle, the overturned lamp. The horrors of the darkness and then, when he had finally succeeded in throwing her off and found a light and looked around, she had gone. But there was a fruit of blood on the floor testifying to the truth which he dared not follow.

Had he wounded her in that struggle? He spent half the night after that trying to effect his escape, and failing in the door, and succeeded. But it was at the cost of such fear that he was barely able to crawl to bed when he fell into a merciful doze.

Oh, he had good reasons for not wishing to face the music then, and had welcomed this strange fellow's protection.

Then there was Florence! What did she think of him? Had she received his letter? Perhaps Mordecai had only pretended to deliver it to keep him quiet.

Then he began to keep him awake, and give him uneasy dreams of his own. It was while he was twisting and turning and trying to get into slumber that he heard a faint clicking sound in the direction of the door through which the waiter generally entered when he brought the meals.

Renwood sat up in bed. He was going to have a visitor of some kind. But the sound was repeated, and yet no one appeared.

"Someone is trying to get in," he muttered. "Can't be the Doctor or he would know better how to manage the key."

It seemed to him a long time that he stared towards the curtain that hid the door, when it was thrust aside and a man slipped into the room.

It was not Mordecai, even in the faint moonlight that shone in that corner he saw that it was a different person.

Renwood slid out of bed and quickly turned on the electric light above his head.

The newcomer started and turned to the door when the room became flooded with light, but after looking at Renwood a moment he turned back quite reassured.

"Who the devil are you?" asked the artist.

"You shall know in good time Mr. Renwood, and as I have something to say, and don't care to be seen here, suppose you put out that light," nodding towards the electrolier and calmly seating himself in the nearest chair, while he motioned to the young man to take another.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOCTOR MORDECAI SHOWS HIS HAND.

Who was this little man, Renwood asked himself, though he paid no heed to the order to put out the light. The fellow's face was somehow familiar. He had seen him within the past few days, too.

"Sh, you are draining your head trying to think where you saw me last," said the little man, with a smile. "We met last by the door of the Arcadian Flats when the crowd Doctor had you under his wing. You were both in a hurry."

"Oh, then you are Pendrick, the detective?" stammered the young man, with some alarm.

"Tense, but there is no need for your getting excited. My mission is not to you, I can see, that is as far as you are concerned. Be down."

Renwood did so, but he was far from feeling reassured.

Pendrick turned the light off and resumed his place.

"You don't have to have a light to talk," he said, "and there are reasons why I don't want anybody to know that I am here tonight."

"You have come to arrest me, why not get down to facts at once and have done with it," grumbled Renwood, sullenly. "As it anything else could bring you here! Well, I'm ready to take my medicine and get it over with."

"Better for you, perhaps, if you had felt this way at the start. If a man is innocent he don't run. That's what Mordecai did."

"Don't I know?" with a growl. "Why do you think I'm not? But I put my head and the Doctor happening along just at that moment I was ready to accept the advice of the old Nick if he had offered me a hand of assistance."

"Yes, you've had dealings with a very close friend of his," said the detective. "Mordecai is not as I can find out, has been carrying on the devil's work since he came across in this city."

"And he was ready to help me when I was in sore straits. What had he to gain?"

"You have me there. I don't know. Depend on it, he is not the kind of a man to put himself to any trouble unless he can see some profit in it."

"Then why the police found no clue, nothing that leads them to suspect any one else guilty? Why, I've been free for days, but my——" fluttering the last words almost in a whisper.

"Haven't heard of any one. You see your might protect all their interest as you; that's what I'm here for, to find out which way the ground, no matter how slippery, the principal interest was against. I'm glad I've found, why I've wooden one."

Renwood made an impatient gesture.

"Ah, but you don't understand," he exclaimed, "I'm not the one to handle trouble left for me to escape by if the truth leaked out. Let yourself in my place. Here was this marriage with the——"

"Never mind telling me the particulars. I don't want to hear them," interrupted the detective, warningly. "I must believe you innocent if I am to help you."

"You!" incredulously.

"Jesse. Especially engaged for that purpose by a certain young lady of your acquaintance."

"Florence——"

"You have guessed it," and Pendrick went on to tell of his first meeting with the lady, and of her interview with him. "Then you see I'm quite ready to come out in the open and face the music."

"And I tell you that the best thing you can do is to remain just where you are for the present," replied Pendrick, calmly.

"Why, what do you mean? Were you not saying a moment since that I made a mistake in running away and now——"

"Not at all, Mr. Renwood," he said, I am inclined to think that your philanthropic friend, Doctor Mordecai, is somehow mixed up in this murder case. He was the principal but, at the same time, he might have had accomplices. Now if you were to get away from here it might frighten him and he'd become dangerous. I'm not very much worried about him. You are not responsible here? They treat you well don't they?"

"Oh, yes—as far as food and such things go I have no complaint to complain of."

"Then possess your soul with patience. It will only be for a short time and then you may be to us to make a victorious flag the world again."

"And a prison for all the painful surroundings," grumbled Renwood. "But tell me about Florence—Miss Galbraith," switching off on another tangent, "you have met her lately?"

"Not more than an hour ago," and he gave a brief account of the strange happening of that evening.

Renwood was deeply moved when he heard of her devotion. "What a woman!" he exclaimed. "Heaven be almost worth while to get into such a mess to find there is some one in the world willing to do so much for you!"

"That's a selfish speech—and worthy of a very young man," grumbled Pendrick. "I hope you'll prove your gratitude to her when you are free. Not every woman would

have shown such pluck in the face of danger."

He himself felt he owed his life to her and had not formed a very high opinion of the young man she meant to marry.

"I wish I could see her," murmured the artist, "I wish I could tell her how grateful I feel——"

"Plenty of time for that," said the detective drily. "At present you will please her and me best by remaining here."

"You will come again——?" [illegible] the little man rose from his ch[illegible]

"Of course, some time, but I don't know when. One is not free to come and go, and then it might wreck all my plans if it were known that I had been here."

"But why hurry? Just think, I have not seen a soul all day, but the machine-made man that brings in the meals."

"How about Doctor Mordecai[illegible]"

"Not been here today."

"Then that is all the more reason for my getting away. It is more than likely that he will give you a look-in. He has had a bus[illegible] night."

He moved towards the door by which he had entered and Renwood followed.

"If you should see her tell her—but, pshaw! do pray let me put it into a note. Come, you won't refuse me and it will comfort her," laying his hand on the detective's arm appealingly.

"Oh, well, a few moments more or l[illegible] won't matter, I suppose," replied Pendrick yielding, "but be quick about it."

"Yes, [illegible], just a line, that's all. But I must hav[illegible] light. It will only be for a moment."

He ran to the desk as soon as he had turned on the electric light and began to write, while the detective paced the floor impatiently.

He had fancied he had heard the sound of a door closing just at the moment when Renwood appealed to him, but he could not find it possible to refuse the poor fellow. He wished though, in his heart of hearts that the young man was more worthy of th[illegible] lady he meant to make his wife.

At last the letter was finished, sealed and placed in the detective's hand. The light was turned off.

"Good night, or rather good morning. You will soon be free," said Pendrick, as he moved towards the door.

His hand was on the knob of the door when it was pushed open and he caught the shadowy outlines of a man's figure and the sparkle of a pistol bar[illegible]

"Hands up, Pendrick! Walk backwards! Drop your hands and I shoot!"

The detective obeyed.

It was Doctor Mordecai. He recognized him as soon as the latter had closed the door and came within the radius of the moonlight that shone through the windows.

"That will do," said the Doctor when Pendrick had backed as far as the middle of the room. "Stand where you are. Mr. Renwood will you oblige me by turning on the light."

The young artist who had been an astonished witness of this strange scene in a helpless state of incapacity, did not move.

"W[illegible], kindly turn on the light?" re[illegible] the Doctor, with a stern look in the [illegible] direction.

[illegible] Renwood, as he obeyed th[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] himself.

[illegible] Mordecai took a chair nearby with [illegible]liberateness, not for a moment losing sight of the detective and keeping the [illegible] pointed in his direction with an un[illegible]

"Now, then, we can converse at our ease," [illegible]

"Sit down, Renwood, for what I am going to say may interest you too."

The young man obeyed.

"I hardly hoped I should find you here tonight, Mr. Pendrick, though you are entirely welcome."

"Humph!" grunted the detective.

"I never wanted to harm you, only you would insist on sticking your nose into my business," continued Mordecai, in a voice without passion, as he might discuss a matter with a friend. "If you had waited before you began to meddle with my [illegible] for a few days then I should not have car[illegible] I am not just ready to leave the field t[illegible] you."

"Are you going to deliver a lecture?" growled the detective. "If so, since we are forced to hear it, cut it short."

"Keep your hands on the table where I can see them," said the Doctor, for Pendrick's hands did not seem disposed to remain still.

"Yes, when I say you are welcome, Pendrick, I mean it. I should have been sorry if you had been cut off in your prime, a man of your ability," and a faint smile gathered at the corners of the thin lips. "You could not have pleased me better than by walking into this room on a friendly visit. I'm afraid my friend Renwood has been pining for society, and now he will have you to keep him company."

"Eh, what do you mean, to keep me a prisoner?" exclaimed Pendrick, forgetting his position and that threatening pistol and leaping to his feet.

"Sit down and calm yourself," replied the Doctor, suavely. "I may remind you that this little weapon I hold in my hand has a very easy touch, and might go off. That I should regret very much."

Pendrick dropped back into his seat with an oath.

"You will be my guest here," continued Mordecai, "for a few days, and Renwood will tell you, I think, that I have a good cook and a good wine cellar. You will find me, I think, a very affable host. Now, I suppose you picked up the bunch of keys I lost. You might as well hand them over and save me the trouble of having new locks and things put on the doors. Will you?" Then added quickly: "Oh, never mind keep your hands where they are. You gentlemen I believe are expert shooting from your pockets [illegible] I think I see a suspicious bul[illegible] in the b[illegible] of your coat. We will have the new locks [illegible] all."

He rose slowly from his seat and looked at Renwood.

"Young man," he said, "I am going to do you a good turn by finding the murderer of that woman. When I have him under bonds I will resign him to you," turning to Pendrick, "to your tender mercies, but until I have accomplished this you will both of you remain my guests."

"What does this [illegible] mean?" exclaimed Pendrick, b[illegible] into laughter. "You find the murderer? Yes, you might do that, but give him up to justice, that is another thing. You couldn't do that without putting your own head in the [illegible]"

"My head is tolerably firm on my shoulders," replied the strange man, "and from the present indications it will remain there. Yes," continued Mordecai addressing himself again to Renwood, "I am going to [illegible] for you what all the police and detecti[illegible] of this city would have failed to do, not excepting the gentleman present. The m[illegible]derer of this woman is known to me. I have but to gather in my net and he is mine. You could not remember Renwood that you had ever done me [illegible] that called for a return, and so you sus[illegible]ected my mot[illegible] Small blame to you for that. It [illegible] your [illegible]"

"What, you [illegible] my father—you?" exclaimed th[illegible]

Morde[illegible] "You wonder that he should hav[illegible] anything to do with a man like me? Well, that [illegible] may be, but men wandering about Australian bush find queer bed fellows. Your father and I were close [illegible] blood brothers ten years [illegible]o. He helped me when I needed help and when he died of bush fever I vowed that [illegible]ver the chance came I would be of serv[illegible] to his so[illegible] The chance came and I mean to p[illegible]y the debt—a debt of honor."

"You talk of honor [illegible] the detective indignantly [illegible] king of [illegible] Bah!"

The strange man bowed his head a moment as if overcome with a sudden sense of shame.

"I may be all that," he said, calmly "but in this case I mean to show that there is honor among thieves [illegible]nd the next moment Pendrick and his companion were alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCARLET SIGNAL.

Florence Galbraith had certainly earned a long rest after her exciting experiences, and it was nearly noon the next day when she appeared to Mrs. Goggins who was sewing at her basement window.

"Well, me gerl, I must as yer ould nurse express me disreprovation of yer quare conductions lasht night," shaking her head vigorously. "Faith, [illegible] that beat out that they had most to carry ye in, an' I had the greates' score o' me life, so I did."

"I'm very sorry, but there w[illegible] no help for it," murmured the girl, kissing the old woman timidly on the forehead. "I hope I won't give you so much trouble again while I am here."

"Oh, it's yer own health I'm thinkin' about, never mind me," replied the widow, mollified by the kiss, "but it's quare for a young gerl of yer bringin' up to be trapesin' roun' the city until suc[illegible] hour. Oh, ye needn't [illegible]" as Flore[illegible] was about to speak. [illegible] guess that it was on account of the trouble your young man is in that kep' ye out half th[illegible]"

"Yes, it was. Sometime I'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, I can wait. It wouldn't be anything wrong that you was mixed up in. An' now sit down an' have yer breakfast or lunch or whatever you've a mind to all it. Su[illegible] you'll have to ate t[illegible]o males now to square things with yerself." [illegible]nd she bustled out to return presently with a tray covered with steaming dishes which she placed before her guest.

The exciting event of the night before and the [illegible]ive strain she had undergone had left Florence with little appetite, but owing to Mrs. Goggins's insistence and persuasion she made a much better meal than if she had been left to her own choice, and felt stronger for it.

But she hurried to have it over with, for she was anxious to meet the detective and learn what he had done the night before.

"Sure, I hate to se[illegible] ye runnin' off [illegible] so soon," murmured the old woman, [illegible] Galbraith was adjusting her hat befor[illegible] glass. "This is another all night job is it now?"

"This is another all night job is it now?"

"Indeed, I hope not Aunty, but who knows. I seem to have been living in a strange new world for the past few days. I hope it will soon be ov[illegible]"

"An' me, too," assented the old woman, "or it'll be all ov[illegible] wid you me lady, an' then y'd be no further [illegible]od to the painter feller th[illegible]an the pictures he makes. What a quar thing is love to be sure. But there' mebbe I would have gone just as far meself when I w[illegible] your age. God bless ye!"

Florence kissed the old woman and hurried away, grateful that she had such an honest friend's roof to shelter her.

A disappointment awaited her when she arrived at Pendrick's office. He had not been there since the previous day, and he had promis[illegible] to meet her.

Something serious must have kept the plucky little man away. His life had been attempted once last night, what if he had fallen again into the hands of those implacable enemies? The gallant fellow who started off again after his terrible experience was worthy of a bett[illegible] fate.

What remained for her to do now, in the absence of Pendrick? She could only wait. [illegible] had dismissed the carriage that brought her to th[illegible] detective's door and reluctantly turned her [illegible]eps homeward or rather to her tempo[illegible]y home.

Immersed in her troubled thoughts, and perplexed by many doubts and fears, she gave no heed to wh[illegible]re she was going until she found she had wandered in an entirely different direction she should have taken to reach Mrs. Goggins's.

Yet, the neighborhood had a familiar look. Why, yes, it was over this same ground she had passed the very night before when she had shadowed the strange man and made her first venture as an amateur detective. It looked somewhat different by daylight, but she knew the way.

Mechanically she began to retrace the road she had followed the night before, and presently entered the narrow street or alley where stood the warehouse of Job Harring[illegible]

[illegible] was in that building the stran[illegible] appeared to come out [illegible] and general appearance. The[illegible] light truck standing before the door of this house, a door that seemed to l[illegible] the living rooms on the upper floors of [illegible]

[illegible] was bringing out a number of [illegible] wooden boxes and piling them on the truck. In the shadow of the doorway she [illegible] indistinctly [illegible] other man who seemed to be keeping an ey[illegible] the job. For some reason or other he appeared not to [illegible] to be seen, and when the work of loa[illegible] the [illegible], after exchanging a fe[illegible] with [illegible] workman, stepped quick[illegible] [illegible]de the door and slammed it behind him.

She wondered if he had caught sight of [illegible] it had anything to do with his sudden disappearance? That might be, for though the narrow street was crowded with carts and trucks coming and going, she was a conspicuous object, because there w[illegible] no other woman in sight, and she must therefore attract attention.

Several times she had narrowly escaped being run over in that narrow thoroughfare, and as there seemed to be nothing to gain by remaining she turned to go.

She was wriggling her way through the mass of vehicles that encumbered the w[illegible] when a crashing sound, followed by a vol[illegible] of oaths struck her with alarm.

The truck that she had seen backed up at the door by the warehouse had collided with a coal cart, and its contents, the small wooden boxes, had most of them tumbled into the street.

The rough looking man who had loaded the truck was now engaged in replacing h[illegible] scattered load, at the same time carrying on a tirade of profanity with the coal cart driver.

One of the box[illegible] had fallen at her feet and she could [illegible]ead printed on it in stencil, the addr[illegible]

JOHN MAXWELL, Boston, via Fall River Line.

She had just time to notice this, and that the box was in a broken condition and threatened to go to pieces, when it was snatched up from beneath her eyes. She saw a fierce eyed face for a moment, then the man jumped on the truck and drove [illegible]ay with his burden.

The queer look he had given her as he snatched the box away almost savagely struck her as strange, it was so threatening. She breathed more freely now that he was out of sight.

When the street was clear enough for her to proceed without danger of accident, happening to look down at her feet where the box had lain, she saw something sparkle. She stooped and picked out of the dirt a curious ring. Curious because it was a seal made out of a single ruby with some sort of a coat of arms cut in the jewel very cunningly.

What kind of a load was this man c[illegible]ing that contained such valuable jewels this? She saw the impossibility of ov[illegible]taking him, besides it might be better [illegible] wait and communicate with this John M[illegible]well of Boston, to whom the boxes we[illegible] consigned.

As she was leaving the stre[illegible]t, she glanced [illegible]ck at the warehouse. On the side facing a narrow alley she saw that some of the upper windows displayed white lace curtains, and even fancied she saw a man moving about behind one of them.

She must do something to keep her mind employed while she was waiting to hear from Pendrick, and that strange house interested her. Her experience the night before had not dampened her adventurous ardor.

She had noticed in her perigrinations that beyond the wall that faced these side win[illegible]ows there were a number of tall, old buildings. From the upper parts, with a powerful glass, one might have good view of the premises, see who come and went and, perhaps if fortune favored, snatch a glimpse of what was going on inside.

It did not take her long to make up her mind. A chance venture had led her to rescue the little detective, a chance now might lead to important disclosu[illegible]

She had fixed her mind on a cer[illegible]n building that commanded the best v[illegible]w of the windows that interested her, and she proceeded in that direction.

On the way she stopped at a pawnbroker's and bought a very strong field glass, and [illegible] drawing down a heavy veil over her [illegible] she walked on until she stood before [illegible] that she had picked out for her [illegible]

It was a hotel of the lowest description, and a group of seedy looking loafers hung about the door, but she did not hesitate.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," she said, affably, and they fell away from her respectfully enough as she entered the building.

"One o' thim parish visitors, I guess," she heard one of the men say as she went up the stairs, which might have accounted for her respectful reception.

The fat man who presided at a counter in the office on the second floor was quite genial. He could not understand though, why she should wish to select a room on the top floor back, when he offered her one on the second that boasted a new set of red plush furniture.

"Faith, there seems to be a run on rooms on the top floor, back," he said with a grin. "I have a long-legged lad up there now, just rollin' in money, that would take nothin' else."

"I shall only want it for a few hours," she explained, and having paid about five times what the room was worth, was escorted to the top floor through the dark stairs that terrified her more than any of her experi[illegible]

She had a vague idea that a man in the adjoining room was peeping at her while the landlord was fussing with the rusty lock, and was comforted by the thought that her stay there would be brief.

The bare, dirty little room that looked [illegible] if it had not been swept o[illegible] weeks, caused a shiver of disgust [illegible] mastered the feeling, stren[illegible] hope that she would learn something important.

When the affable landlord was [illegible] gotten rid of, and he [illegible]emed in no hur[illegible] go, she approached the window [illegible] up the faded shade.

The panes were so grimy, that she c[illegible] hardly see through them and nothing [illegible]mained to be done but raise the sash.

The field glass she had purchased proved to be excellent, and brought the windows she was interested in, so close that she could follow the design of the lace curtains. [illegible] down, glass in hand, and [illegible] [illegible] attentively. Half [illegible] she found by lookin[illegible] [illegible] not in that time had the curtains move at those windo[illegible]

What puzzled her was the [illegible] bright scarlet ribbon on the front of one [illegible] the curtains. She found herself sta[illegible] this thing, because there was nothin[illegible] it to be seen at the other windo[illegible] its position could not be used to hold [illegible] draperies back.

But her attention was distracted just then by a strange sound, a growl, so near at hand that it caused her to start. It must come from within the next room, she was sure of that. She peered out cautiously just in time to see a rough-bearded face disappear from the window that adjoined h[illegible] This was her neighbor, "the long-leg[illegible] lad" of whom the landlord had spoken.

Even with a wall between, she wished that he was further away. But what apprehensions she might have regarding h[illegible] [illegible]bor were for the moment forgotten wh[illegible] figure appeared at the window that [illegible]played the red ribbo[illegible]

"Why, it's Pendrick!" she exclaimed, f[illegible]getting for the time where she was a[illegible] uttering the name very loud.

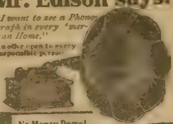
"Yer, right, me lady, the little m[illegible] is there," exclaimed a hoarse voice [illegible] seemed at her very elbow, and drew forth a shriek of genuine fear as she [illegible] around in her seat [illegible] man, with a rough-b[illegible] and who could be none other than her forbidding looking neighbor whose appearance had frightened her a moment before.

Another installment of this very extraordinary story, increasing in interest, will [illegible]ppear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen. W[illegible] strongly advise you to subscribe for the Ledger at once and secure the remainder of this thrilling narrative and many other great stories that will soon appear.

Mr. Edison says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

Another open to every responsible person



No Money Down!

FREE TRIAL The Edison positively on free trial in your own home! If acceptable pay lowest cash price [illegible] 50 Cts. A WEEK (larger installm[illegible] for larger outfits) without even interest on payments!

WRITE TODAY for the great Edison catalogs and full explanation of this wonderful Edison Phonograph offer—FREE!

GUSTAVUS BABSON, Manager
Edison phonograph Distributers
149-150 Michigan Ave., Dept. [illegible] Chicago

Jingle of the Jungle.

Said the elephant to the giraffe:
Your neck is too long by haffe."
Said the giraffe, "Your nose
Reaches down to your tose,
So at me you've no cause to laff."

Exonerated.

Tramp—Yes, I've been in prison.

Mrs. Handout—You should be ashamed to own it!

Tramp—I didn't own it; I was only a lodger.

...By...
WILL LISENBEE.

THE WHITE CANOE;

...Or...
THE SPECTRE OF THE LAKE.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 31, Aug. 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

A MYSTERY.

"You see," continued Murphy, "Hamilton had been a sort of rover in his time, a jack of all trades and some other things besides, had trapped and hunted considerable. He had spent a winter or two among the Indians years before and had built the cabin that now sheltered us. He fell in love with the country and it was a sort of dream of his to own a large tract of it if he should ever be able to do so.

"His glowing description of the country roused my enthusiasm, and it was not long before I came as much interested in it as he was. We spent several days driving over the country in the vicinity of this lake, and then as we had been on the road for a long time, he suggested that we come to this cabin and rest a good spell and then look over the land at our leisure.

"There was a neck of the land lying to the south that extends pretty close in toward the island, and as the water was shallow between the points, we were able to bring our team and wagon across.

"We had a good supply of provisions with us and were well prepared to stay as long as we pleased. We lay in the shade and talked for hours of the future and dreamed glowing dreams, for Hamilton was one of those fellows who always look on the bright side of life. He kept us well supplied with game and fish, and we fared sumptuously. I think I should have been contented to remain in such pleasant surroundings much longer than I did, but Hamilton was anxious to see Dessie, whom I had left with an aunt of hers in Missouri.

"Well, one day I went ashore in an old canoe Hamilton had and went to a squatter's cabin a mile or two over in the woods. While we had stumbled on the cabin in our rambles, for I was out of tobacco and thought the squatter might have some on hand.

"When I got back, Hamilton was gone. I thought he might be out fishing and thought little about it just then. But when night came and still he did not return, I became alarmed and went all over the island looking for him. But he was not there. After searching for the cabin I discovered that all our gold, which we still had with us and had been secured under our bunk in the cabin, was missing.

"For a moment I was so dumfounded that I could not realize that Hamilton whom I considered the soul of honor, whom I had known for years, was capable of belief. But he was gone and so was the gold, and there was but one conclusion to come to, and that was that he had absconded, taking the precious treasure with him.

"I tell you, my boy, it would be pretty hard to tell you how I felt just then. To think that the fortune I had worked so hard for and had suffered so many hardships to gain had been taken from me by one I looked on as one of my dearest friends, was a severe blow indeed. It was a long while before I could bring myself to realize the necessity of action. Then as I went out again in search of something that added to my perplexity. Hamilton had gone afoot. Both the canoe and the spot where they had been picketed. How, then, could he have gotten away with the gold? It weighed close to a hundred pounds, and no man could carry such a load any great distance without resting frequently.

"I tried to find some solution to the perplexing problem, but could come to no other conclusion than a man should attempt to carry away such a load as the treasure would entail. I took the canoe and went along the border of the lake, hoping to find his trail, but in this I was disappointed. How had he gotten off the island? I had had the canoe with me and there was no other boat of any kind on the island. But he was gone and that I could not deny.

"If worried me a good deal as I might have had a boat concealed somewhere, and had used it to go ashore with the gold, which was the only solution I could find. I took one of the mules and spent two days riding through the country along the border of the lake, hoping to strike his trail, but he had vanished as completely as if he had dissolved into thin air.

"I soon saw that useless it was to try to find him in this wild region, and after spending a week in fruitless search, I went to Fort Dodge, where I sent a letter to Dessie. Out of my fortune I now had nothing left but the money which I had with me, and fifty dollars I carried in my belt and what I was left of a hundred dollars I had sent to Dessie from Topeka.

"I knew but little of Hamilton's past life, for he seldom referred to himself. He had once lived in Des Moines, but had no living relatives as far as I knew. I wrote to Des Moines to make inquiries, and notified the police there of what had occurred, but he had never told me anything to warrant locating it some years before. He had always been considerably reticent about himself, and I was informed, and bore a good reputation among those who knew him best.

"I had put the matter in the hands of the police and was waiting to hear from them, when I received a letter from Dessie, in which she informed me that Hamilton had gone away with the treasure on foot, and there seemed no other way that he could have left the island. While I was thinking over the matter it suddenly occurred to me that he might simply have hidden the treasure somewhere on the island and struck out overland, intending to return for it at some future time when all search for him had been given over. The more I thought of this solution the more plausible it seemed.

"I didn't take me long to act once this theory had taken possession of my mind, and the very next day I hitched up my team and taking my wife and baby came straight to this place. We have been here now a matter of three weeks, and though we have discovered nothing to give us any clue, I am still convinced that Hamilton never carried the gold away when he left.

"The only question that now troubles me is this—how can he ever get back and unearthed away the gold? When I came here I was very much in debt, and I depended upon it for tracks, but found none. Nor had any one visited the region as far as I could discover. Everything was just as I left it. I am of the opinion that the gold is still hidden somewhere on the island, and that is why I am staying here. I spend all the time that I am able to be out, searching for it, assisted by Dessie.

"Now you know the story—and you will see with me that it is a strange one."

"It is, indeed," said Lee. "I cannot pretend to understand it, for no knowing your partner, it would all be mere guess work. But I am inclined to think that your theory is the right one, and if my friends and I can help you in your search, we shall be only too glad to do so."

"You can, my boy, and that is what I intended to ask of you. Your eyes are keener than mine, and the old trapper who is with you may be able to give us some very valuable aid, should he return. But just now you seem to have troubles enough of your own, and if I can help you in any way, I shall be only too glad to do so."

"A thousand thanks," said Lee. "I think you can help us, in the way of advice, at least." And Lee proceeded to give an account of the meeting with the stranger who had given the parcel to be shipped to Leavenworth, and of the discovery of the ten thousand dollars concealed in the parcel.

As Lee told this story a look of wonderment came over the face of Mr. Murphy, and when the youth had finished there was a moment of silence.

"Well, that is about the queerest affair I have heard of in many a day—not even excepting my own curious experience," exclaimed Murphy. "And what do you propose to do with the parcel?"

"That is just what I want to consult you about," replied Lee.

"Then I will say, don't send that parcel nor let it get out of your hands until you have investigated the whole affair. The money is probably stolen, and you ought to lose no time in learning the truth."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SQUATTER.

We will now return to Ray Donaldson whom we left hurrying on his way to the squatter's cabin, after separating with Lee at the margin of the lake.

There was no road and he was compelled to push his way through the thickets and across rocky ridges. But he soon reached the cabin of the settler which nestled in a little valley through which a tiny stream flowed musically along its rocky channel.

The squatter proved to be a kindly faced Missourian who made the visitor welcome and pushed a chair for his accommodation.

"It's sorter lonesome livin' hyar all alone," he said, "an' it seems good ter see the face of a white person."

Ray introduced himself and explained the object of his visit, telling of the loss of the ponies and their failure to get any trace of them.

"Wal, that is pertty bad luck," remarked the squatter. "I ain't no doubt but it's the work of them Injuns. Ye may be pertty lucky if you ever see them ponies agin, fer the Injuns kinder keer the ownership once they git the start on ye, they are as good as their own. Ye see, I reckon you come nigh hyar any team—though it ain't much of a team. But as I must go ter Gray Rock myself before many days, I reckon I could git ye as well go tomorrow, an' so if it suits ye, we'll start from hyar together."

"Why, we shall be only too glad," said Ray. "Of course we will go you for the use of the team just the same."

"Look hyar," said the squatter with a contemptuous air, "must ye insult me, stranger, as' in Missoury we don't charge nothin' for the use of a team."

"I beg your pardon," Ray hastened to say, "I assure you we are very kind and we shall appreciate it."

"Wal, I reckon I ought ter have seen you was strangers in the country. Whar'd they the ponies over an' come by ye? Mer'r ye will start from hyar?"

"It will suit us just as well to start from here," Ray answered. "You have a wagon, I presume?"

"Yes, one that will do well enough. You'll be so kinder crowded, though."

"As early as you please to start."

"Then you might be hyar by seven. You had better stay all night with me."

"I don't use it," Ray replied, "but there's a lot at the ranch ye supply store at Gray Rock. Reeder who came to spend the season trapping with us, and I'll run over and get you some."

"Oh, no, don't take the trouble. I'll just walk over and get it in the morning. It me till we git to town tomorrow. I've bin mistin' what I'd had ter git, an' mebbe we'll save us so meck it hold out, but I've just used the last. But we needn't walk. I'll hitch up the ponies an' drive over. That's a sort of road a little to the south of hyar that runs over to Gray Rock."

"Say," said Ray, "why not come and stay all night with us? It is rather lonely there, and the ride will do you good. You will. Then we can start from our place in the morning."

"Why, that will suit me to a 't'," replied the squatter. "I hain't had any one ter talk to in so long that I've pertty nigh forgot how it's done."

In a few minutes he had the ponies brought from a shed near by, and Ray assisted him in harnessing them to the wagon—a dilapidated linch-pin affair that seemed to have done service for many years.

As they drove through the ravine toward the cabin Ray told of the search for the stolen horses and the disappearance of the [illegible] hain't seed nothin' of him [illegible]ced the squatter.

"Have you any form any idea as to what happened to him."

By gum, that beats me!" ejaculated the squatter. "Some fellers must have come an' havin' a run of bad luck shore enough."

"I don't know as you would call it bad luck."

"Have you known this Reeder very long?" he asked.

"Then that rawks it all the more queer what could a' become of him, fer if he

wasn't on the square he might be up ter some game.

"No," said Ray, "he would never do a dishonest thing, I am quite sure. Something must have happened to him."

"It may be, Ray Jenks! I wish I knowed how ter help you, but I can't tell heads ner tails of this business. How far is it from your cabin ter where yer friend disappeared?"

"About a couple of miles—maybe not so far."

"Let me see. The sun's a couple of hours high yet. Suppose we take a little turn up that-a-way after we git ter yer cabin an' see what we can find out?"

"I shall be only too glad," assented Ray.

"I want ter take a look at the place an' nose around a little fer a trail of this queer bizness."

In a short time they reached the cabin and found that Lee had already returned and had a cheerful fire blazing in the fireplace.

Job Larson—for such was the squatter's name—was introduced to Lee, who came out as the wagon was driven up.

"You see yer partner's brought a man along with the team," laughed the squatter as he shook hands with Lee. "I waited a little tobacker, an' he invited me ter come over an' git some an' spend the night with you, an' tomorrow we'll all go ter town together."

"Good!" cried Lee. "We shall be mighty glad of your company."

"You hain't seed anything of the old trapper yit, have yer, Ray?" asked the squatter.

"No, sir. Not a thing."

"Well, me and yer partner's goin' up ter the place where he vanished an' see what I can find out."

"Shall I go along?" asked Lee.

"One of us had better stay here," replied Ray. "You can get supper for us while we are gone and be here to see that no one runs away with Mr. Larson's team."

"Or with that wagon," laughed the squatter. "But hadn't we better drive on up there with the wagon?"

"The road is so rough that we can make it on foot much easier than if we took the wagon," said Ray. "But of course, if you would rather ride—"

"Not a bit of it. I'm used to walkin', an' then the wagon would be in our way if the road is rough."

They were ready to start when Ray exclaimed:

"Well, now, we mustn't go without your having some tobacco." And he ran into the cabin and quickly returned with a good quantity and a handful of matches.

"You are a boy after my own heart," cried the squatter. "You ain't one of the kind that forgits. An' this tobacker," he went on, as he filled his pipe, "is as fine as silk. I tell you, my boy, that that old trapper must have met with some sort of accident, else he would not 'a' gone away an' left all this good tobacker."

"There may be something in that," laughed Ray, as they set out at a brisk walk up the lake.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE CLIFFS.

The sun was yet a half hour high when the squatter and Ray arrived at the cliffs under which Lee and the old trapper had sought shelter the night before.

While Ray was pushing their way into the thicket that bordered the lake, the old squatter kept his eyes well employed, making a combination of the ground carefully as he went.

He stopped at the spot where the old trapper had been sitting when last seen and made a careful examination of the surroundings.

"Thar ain't no sign of any sort of scuffle hyar," he remarked, as he held his gaze on the place of dead ashes that lay scattered about the ground. "It looks as if he must 'a' left of his own accord."

He led the way, passing along the base of the cliff in its winding course.

They had walked some fifty yards when they came to a long arm of the lake extending back into very dense woods. Here they stopped while the squatter made a close inspection of it.

The narrow arm of water that extended into a sort of grotto was less than ten yards wide and quite shallow in places. The squatter followed this till he arrived at the face of the overhanging cliffs. Then, coming to a halt, he stooped down and inspected the ground inch by inch.

"By Gosh! Look that!" he exclaimed.

He pointed his finger to an impression in the soft earth.

"Why, it's a track!" cried Ray.

"It ain't nothin' else," chuckled the squatter.

He moved closer to the water. Then he stuck out his face and pointed downward.

Ray's glance followed and he saw that the tracks broke off suddenly at the very edge of the water.

The squatter chuckled.

"That is the old trapper's tracks!" he announced.

"Do you think so?" asked Ray.

"I'm sartin sure of it."

"But it appears to go right into the water."

"Just so. But it don't."

Ray looked puzzled.

He bent over the tracks and looked again.

"Where do they go, then?" he asked.

The squatter pointed to the limb of a small tree that extended over the water.

"Do you mean he climbed that tree?" and Ray hesitated, thinking the squatter meant it only for a joke.

But the face of the man showed no signs of levity.

He stepped into the thicket and soon returned, carrying a number of short sticks.

"Now we'll do a little explorin'," he announced.

He made a signal for Ray to follow, and the next instant he had swung himself into the branches of the tree by means of the limb that overhung the water.

Ray hesitated, a puzzled look on his face.

He began to suspect that the squatter had taken leave of his senses or was playing a joke on him.

Meantime, creeping along the limb, the squatter reached a narrow shelving rock just above the water.

Here he waited till Ray joined him.

Larson took one of the sticks and applied a match to the end of it and it instantly flamed up.

"Now, come on," he said.

He wormed himself along the narrow, shelving rock, Ray following.

The shelving rock ran close to the water and the water extended right into the cliff.

The two were now in a sort of cavern and in a moment the squatter was bending down examining the rocky floor. He pointed his finger at a faint impression.

"More tracks!" he said.

"More tracks!" he said. "We have struck the trail."

He moved forward a little, holding the flaring torch close to the floor.

Again a low chuckling sound gurgled up from his throat.

"By Jenks!" he ejaculated.

"What is it?" Ray asked.

The squatter answered by thrusting his finger against the rocky floor.

Ray look and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Horse tracks!" he cried.

"Nothing else," nodded the squatter. "It's gert ter plain ter be now."

"What does it mean?" asked Ray.

The squatter lowered his voice.

"That's some bad bizness bein' carried on in this cave," he said.

"But how could a horse be brought in here?" asked Ray, a puzzled look on his face.

The squatter grinned.

"Through the water, of course," he replied. "Can't you see? We had to crawl for we came in, but if we had waded the four or five feet of water we could have come in standin' up."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Ray. "Then the place may be inhabited by a band of robbers or thieves!"

"Maybe they do comb' in through the water they leave no trail. A fine scheme ter git away with stolen hosses."

Ray began to understand, but there was a look of alarm on his face. He glanced quickly about the cavern.

"We want ter be cautious," said Larson in a whisper. "I hain't no doubt that we're purty close ter a nest of thieves, an' they might be ugly if they caught us nosin' around hyar."

"What shall we do?" asked Ray.

"We must find out something more before we go. Come on, an' don't you meek a bit of noise."

He stole forward as he spoke, shading the light of the torch with his hat.

As they proceeded the cavern widened into vast dimensions.

The wall, of a sort of white spar, sparkled in the light of the torch as if set with diamonds.

"If we keep on we may stumble onto something that will give us trouble. Let's get up hyar an' wait a little. Somethin' may turn up."

As he spoke he pointed upward to a sort of gallery formed by a great shelving rock.

In a moment he had climbed upon it, followed by Ray. Moving along the rocky ledge they crept into a niche in the wall. Their positions gave them a good view of the cavern below and afforded an excellent place of concealment from the gaze of any one who might pass beneath.

The squatter now blew out the torch.

Black darkness lay about them. Then they remained silent and listened.

The faint sound of voices came to their ears.

The hand of the squatter tightened on the arm of Ray.

"Just keep still an' we'll find out something," he said in a whisper.

CHAPTER XV.

A SURPRISING SIGHT.

With the reader's permission we will now turn our attention to Frank Mitchell and his friends who, it will be remembered, retired crestfallen and humiliated after their encounter with Ray Donaldson.

As they entered their boat and rowed away the uppermost thought in the mind of Frank was one of revenge. His pride was cut to the quick, and he felt that his reputation was at stake.

The burly Sam Beasley, who had never yet had an occasion to measure his strength with that of Frank, but stood in secret fear of him, was not sorry to have seen the bully of the village defeated by Ray, and it would have been a great pleasure to him to have defeated Ray had he dared to make the attempt.

But the feats of strength and activity and skill displayed by Ray in his fight with Frank and Carl so greatly amazed Sam that he dared not attempt to retrieve the honors lost by his two friends.

That Frank, with all his boasted skill and activity should have been so quickly disposed of by the strange youth from the country piqued Sam, and he was disposed to give his friend a little over the affair.

"When I first saw the fellow picking you up and thrashing you around as if you had been a rag baby," Sam said to Frank, insinuatingly, "I was quite sure you had fallen into the hands of some giant of the woods, and we hurried with all our energy to get to shore so as to prevent you both from being killed outright."

Frank's face showed how deeply the words cut him.

"But when I saw that it was only a boy of scarcely your own size," went on Sam, "I was ashamed to interfere, though I felt like giving the fellow a good drubbing."

"But I noticed that you were very careful not to try it," Frank retorted.

"Oh, I am no prize fighter," replied Sam. "I am not hunting trouble. It seems that the fellow did not use any such means, and I could see no reason for taking the matter up."

"I shall see him again," cried Frank, "and then I'll teach him a lesson."

"Even what I saw of him," remarked Sam, "it appears that you will be just as apt to receive a lesson as to give one."

"Oh, I'll not call on you to help me out," said Frank hotly. "It would probably do no good if I should."

"Don't let us get into a quarrel among ourselves over it," pleaded Carl Manning. "He came near breaking me in two and then tried to drown me, but I'm not complaining, it was only trying to keep him from killing Frank outright and I got ducked for my pains. I guess after this I'll keep out of trouble that isn't my own."

The Business That Pays

Write for our free book that tells all about the wonderful money-making business of Tailoring. Sales, commissions, etc., and we will start you in the most profitable business you ever undertook. Spare moments or whole time.

Made to Measure CLOTHING

at the price of ready-made goods. We will appoint you our exclusive agent in your town, and you will be the only one in position to secure orders for made-to-measure clothing at such low prices. Write to-day. No solicitor's outfit necessary. No outlay! Write to-day!

Progress Tailoring Co., 132 S. Fourth St., Chicago

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. E. Stephens Co., Lebanon, Ohio.

SONG-POEMS and music published on ROYALTY. We write music and advise. Popular Music Publishing Co. 220 Kalmerlie Bldg. Chicago.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating metals, coal, water, gas, etc. Circ. free. Address D. A. LOWRY, P. O. Box 1501-DV, DENVER, Colo.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never return; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy sent free. Address C. J. Mason, Box 216, New York, N. Y.

SHREWD MEN WANTED

To learn the detective business. Plenty of opportunities are open for those who write us at once. Previous experience unnecessary. We will teach you by mail and qualify our graduates in a short time and assist them to secure positions at good pay. Write for full information.

Universal Detective Bureau, 200-D Bennett Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE FARMS

The New Homestead law offers every man and woman a chance to get a farm free. Send 25 cents for a new homestead law and list of vacant and unsold government lands. Our new book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the choice of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book where to get these free farms and the best soils of the states, the climate and resort of Washington, the garden farms of the Pacific coast, and the timber lands of the Gulf states. Send 25 cents for this new book. Write for it to-day. W. B. WATKINS CO., 710 Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

FREE TO LEDGER READERS

A KING CAMERA, with complete outfit for developing and printing pictures will be sent FREE, all charges prepaid, to every reader of the Ledger who will send in a year's subscription NOW. One year's subscription costs you only $1.50. EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO PAGES of first class reading during the year—MORE THAN 8 PAGES for a cent—and EVERY PAGE CHUCK FULL OF INTEREST. The paper alone is worth DOUBLE the price you pay for it, and the camera is FIRST CLASS. It takes a picture 2 inches by 2 inches in size. It is all ready for use, and you can print your own pictures with the Developing Outfit we send you with the camera. We have only a limited number of cameras. Get your order in before they are all gone. Fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it to us with a money order for a dollar.

BE WHITE WITH LEAD PENCIL, VERY PLAIN.—ED.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.:

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for which you may enter my subscription to The Chicago Ledger and send me, absolutely free, all charges prepaid, the King Camera and complete outfit.

Yours truly,

NAME .....

P. O. Box or Street Address.....

Town ..... State .....

C.O.-1.

We Give this 101-piece dinner set FREE to every Woman

Gifts For All Your Friends

A Gift For You Right Now

Cut the picture of the Spoon out of the ad and mail it to us with your name and address and a 2-cent stamp and we will send you one of the handsome Spoons by return mail and postage duly prepaid by us, without your giving you a premium. Your acceptance of this offer does not obligate you in any way whatever. Write to-day—NOW.

THE REGINA CO.
69 MARKET ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.

MORPHINE I cured myself and will cure you FREE. Write in confidence. W. H. LEWIS, M. D., 327 Capitol Bank Building, Jackson, Miss.

FITS CURED When I say cured, I mean the disease. If I have made a life-long study. Send for a FREE trial bottle and pamphlet and my remedy to you instantly—give the worst cases. Don't despair if others have failed. Send me your address and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Sent by return mail. Prof. W. B. Pease, D. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

"PERSONAL"

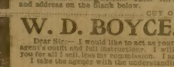
Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for friendship, matrimony or improvement should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleased gentlemen and warm friends and acquaintances of both sexes in every part of the country. We refer to the press. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks. Look Box 203, Fremont, Ohio.

MENDING TISSUE! The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or basting. Mends all fabrics instantly with cotton, cotton, linens, fabrics of all kinds. Mends rips, tears, holes in clothing, furniture, etc. Sells like wildfire. Big profits. Package, postpaid, 10 cents. 2 packages, 25 cents. Agents Prize Package, 50 cents. Catalogue free. Mending Tissue Co., 1 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BLOOD POISON FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS we have made a specialty of cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison positively Cured. You can be treated at home under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and have not been cured, don't despair, but write us at once. Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, were the first proofs of guilt. Stronger Body Eyes.

COOK REMEDY CO., THE BANNG TEMPL, Chicago, U.S.A.

FREE SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS.



So other Rifle Can Equal This One's Record. No gun built, for the money, that is so good. 44 Rim Fire Cartridges. Modern repeating magazine. Solid, warm and handsome as good as the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we sell at prices that will surprise you. Send for it. Free. Write to-day.
UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, 3109 Rooney St., TOLEDO Ohio.

BOYS MAKE MONEY Selling the BLADE and LEDGER

I want a boy in every town to act as agent for the Blade and Ledger. I will send you 100 papers to start with. You sell them and keep 5 cents out of each nickle you take in. You do not pay for papers you don't sell.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS I want you to send me your name and I will report to you every week and tell you how successful you are getting along. Experience is necessary. I will guarantee that you can make a big success of this business.

NO MONEY REQUIRED Just send me your name and address on the blank below. I will send full instructions to that you can begin at once. All I ask you to do now is to send me your name and address on the blank below.

CUT OUT HERE

W. D. BOYCE, Boyce Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sir:— I would like to act as your agent. You may send me a bundle of papers, agent's outfit and full instructions. I will agree to try and sell these papers and to pay you for all I sell, less my commission. I agree to report to you each week.

I take the agency with the understanding that I am not to pay for any unsold papers.

Name.....

Street or P. O. Box.....

Town..... State.....

The boys turned their boat in the direction of the shore a half mile further to the north, where their camping outfit stood loaded in a wagon.

The old fellow who drove the team for them sat impatiently on the seat waiting.

"Wal, are ye goin' ter take the things down that in the boat, or must I drive all over the country lookin' for a road?" he asked. "I don't know any road that leads ter the cabin ye spoke of."

"I guess we'll have to find some other place to camp while we are here," broke in Carl.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked Goff—for such was the driver's name.

"There's a young fellow already got possession of the cabin we wanted," said Carl, "and he won't give it up."

"What can't you persuade him ter git out?" inquired the driver.

"We tried that," replied Carl, "and he almost killed Frank and me. He drove me, I guess, if the other boys had not got there in time to save me."

"Why, bless my soul! He must be a young tiger!"

"He ain't so slouch," admitted Carl. "But, sigh! I must have some dry clothes out of the wagon."

He leaped upon the vehicle and soon had a change of clothing handed him from a grinsack.

While he was putting them on the matter of a place to camp was discussed.

It was at last decided to go to a little ravine near at hand and erect a sort of shelter under the shadow of the rocks of the cliff far from the lake, and so the wagon was driven in that direction.

"It knocks all the pleasure out of the trip to have that fellow give us such a drubbing at the very outset," complained Carl. "I'd like to get even with him."

"What is just what you mean to do," declared Frank.

They spent the day in putting things in shape about their camp and erecting a sort of shed against the overhanging cliff to protect them from the rain.

When everything was made snug they proceeded to get ready for a meal. Some took the boat and went on the lake to shoot wild geese, while others went into the woods in quest of bigger game.

A day or so later it happened that Frank and Carl, having wandered a deep, followed it for many miles to the south, but at last, as darkness came upon them they were compelled to give up the chase and return to camp.

It had been raining pretty much all day—the very day on which Lee and the old trapper Smith, with a couple of the stolen ponies—and the night settled black and stormy, with a chill wind coming from the northwest.

Fearful lest they should lose their way, they pushed on rapidly, for they had no tent, for they had many miles to travel before they should reach their camp.

"I wish we had let the boys go to grind and started back an hour ago," declared Carl, "for it's getting dreadful dark, and we may have to spend the night in the woods."

They plodded on for a time, but the darkness deepened and the wind grew more chill.

Presently flakes of snow began to fall, and the wind shrieked through the pines and tossed the branches of the trees about in the inky sky.

It was far into the night when at last a gleam of light broke on their vision.

"There's our camp at last!" cried Carl Joyful, we have struck it right."

But as they drew nearer they perceived that the light was not that of their camp.

"Where can we have gotten to?" breathed Carl. "This isn't the place at all."

"Keep quiet till we find out," warned Frank. "There is no telling what sort of persons are near us, and fun will be fun, and we'd better be sure before we make our presence known."

They pushed forward cautiously.

"Why, I believe it is the cabin we had the trouble over the other day," whispered Carl.

"I believe you are right," replied Frank.

In the same cautious tone. "Let us slip up and have a look at those chaps. I wonder what keeps them up so late, for it must be past eleven o'clock."

"We shall soon see," whispered Carl.

With cautious step they stole forward and peeped in at the window.

A bright fire was burning in the fireplace, the wind was howling without the cabin.

Ray Donaldson was sitting on a stool examining something that lay before him, while near him stood Lee Morgan, who held a great roll of bills in his hand, and before them lay numerous pile, tens and twenties and hundreds.

Frank Mitchell caught his breath and his fingers tightened on Carl's shoulder as he gazed on the amazing scene.

And like one who has suddenly lost all power of action, he stood there gazing into the room, amazed, astounded at what he saw.

What were these boys doing with such a vast sum of money, and where did they get it?

And above all, what were they doing counting it over at this dead hour of night?

These questions were flashing through the brain of Frank, and a strange glitter shone in his eyes.

This story will run in the Ledger of next week, giving the reader many thrilling scenes and hairbreadth escapes. Don't fail to continue reading it, for it contains many startling and extraordinary surprises. If your subscription has expired renew it promptly, so as not to miss a single one of the reminder of this great story and the others that will follow. The Ledger is the greatest paper for the money. If you desire our free cameras and patterns please see pages thirteen and fifteen.

A CHINESE IDYLL.

Oh, Wang Tee Wee
Had the blues in the worst way;
And she lived in the town of Tee;
Her name was Ching Lee.
Ching Lee had curling cue.
Hung dainty from her head;
And fell in love with gay Wan Sh.
Who wrote his letters in the language of love.

And Ting Tung Told
Of plum-bold, bold;
And he sailed in a chop-chop junk;
He loved, ah, me!
Seven days for Ching Lee.
But his heart beat hard and,
So he drowned his sorrow in sparkling fizz.
And he swore that he would would yet be his.

Sing Song Told
Showed all his gold
To the daughter of the town of Tao;
And sweet Yum Yee
Loved he.
And nevermore came back.
Oh, Chinese maids are fair.
And the maids are fake, as they are everywhere.
—Post-Me-Up.

The Beautiful Anarchist.

BY JAMES WADMAN.

Inspector Crum of the secret service sat in his office at police headquarters in the town of New York. Maloney, his chief aid, had just left.

Prince Henry of Prussia was to arrive on the following day, and Crum, in charge of the whole of the secret service force in Washington, had been detailed to protect the nation's guest. He had established headquarters in his suite at the hotel, and already his men were scattered over the city, while every train and steamer that arrived was known.

A knock at the door disturbed him. A bellboy entered. "A lady to see you, sir," he announced.

"Show her up," said Crum, quickly.

Five minutes later the door opened and Crum, dismissing the bellboy, rose to his feet in surprise.

A beautiful girl, perhaps the most beautiful he ever had beheld, advanced rapidly, breathlessly, and with evident and painful distress of mind. She was young and beautiful.

"You are Inspector Crum?" she asked, breathlessly, her eyes shining, her face glowing with excitement, while her bosom heaved.

"I am, madam. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"It is about Prince Henry," she said breathlessly. "He is to be assassinated as he rides up Fifth avenue tomorrow. You must save him."

"I will try, madam," said the inspector, smiling to himself. "So the attempt is to be made tomorrow? What do you know about it?"

"Listen," she went on breathlessly. "I attended the meeting at Paterson last Thursday night. I am of the order of the Red Rose—see here!" and pushed her left arm above the elbow and disclosed there a small, heart-shaped red scar seared into the firm white flesh.

The inspector stared in spite of his efforts to control himself. The girl was in earnest, too well. It was the secret brand of the most dangerous band of anarchists in the United States—and a brand seared upon the flesh of those members who have been chosen for desperate deeds.

"I attended the meeting," the girl continued hoarsely, "and was there given the brand. The three are to do the work and I was branded because I am bound to one of them."

"Who are the three?" urged the inspector. "Leon, the Frenchman, Kosina, the Pole; and Manuels. It is Leon I love. Only today have I learned that he became a Mystic Dobatasee—the French girl—you know her. You see, her away four years ago. She is back and he loves her."

"The devil!" said Crum—not because he sympathized with the girl, but because Debatasee, one of the most daring of the French members of the order, was in the United States without his knowledge.

"Yes—the devil!" echoed the girl, "but I will have my revenge. I have come to betray them. He shall not succeed. He shall be caught—he shall have his—"

"Calm yourself and tell me the plan."

"The attempt is to be made when the Prince's carriage crosses Broadway at Twenty-third street and the avenue. Three men with bombs—Leon, Kositka, and Manuels, 'the dago,' you call him—are to be in the crowd at the southeast corner where Broadway and the avenue come together. The bombs will be thrown from the sidewalk. Your men must be there and arrest them before they can act. The bombs will convict them."

"My men will be there, madam," said Crum. "You may thank Heaven for a great service and a greater to Germany. It shall not be forgotten." He paused. The girl, still much agitated, left the room hurriedly. As the door closed behind her Crum frowned a little, then a smile crept over his face. He touched a bell and presently a man appeared.

"Murphy," said Crum, without looking up, "find Maloney and send him here quick."

"The odd thing to me," said Crum when he had finished his orders to Maloney, "is how she got to write the name and into the Paterson meeting. You were there, Maloney. Did you see any women?"

"Not one, sir," replied Maloney. "You are sure of when the attack is to be made."

"It was in the full during the entire meeting, disguised as Japanese, my dear boy. I know he has been in Moyamensing for ten months and I'll swear there was no woman in the hall. As to the plan—the attack will be made at Twenty-third street and the bomb will be thrown from the park."

"You would have noticed her if she had been a grizzled Carrie Nation, I guess. I can't figure whether she is one of those New York society women who occasionally annoy or one of the French crowd."

"By Jacks, Crum," laughed Maloney, "I believe she made a hit with you."

"Stunning woman, all right," admitted Crum, "but I'm not in love—just let her slip when we bag the others. She's too close to be safe."

The following afternoon Fifth avenue was crowded for fair to see the brothes of the German Emperor make his formal entry into the United States. The crowd at the intersection of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue Twenty-third street was immense. Thousands were massed on the sidewalks, while held back in front by ropes and a double cordon of police and pressed forward relentlessly by the weight of those behind them.

Not a secret service officer was at the southeast corner, although half a dozen plain clothes city detectives watched the crowd there.

At the other end of the square, where Fifth avenue and Broadway and Twenty-third Broadway, Crum's men were massed in force, and also in the middle of the vast crowd on the Madison Square side of the street Crum himself was stationed.

A file of mounted police approached, then mounted troopers—and the police that held back the crowd slowly and reluctantly gave it by common impulse and began to press the crowd back out of the street, some on the sidewalk and into the park, relentlessly, despite the frantic struggles of the spectators, and in the rear of the crowd there was a disturbance.

The police suddenly released the pressure, the crowd sprang back to its original position, and, at the corner of Broadway a dozen secret service men emerged, dragging between them three struggling men—Leon Kositka, and Manuels, "the dago." Leon was fighting like a madman. The dago was sullen. Manuels was terrified.

Behind the little group came Maloney, with his hands full of the three deadly bombs, which had been secured the instant the three had appeared in the park.

Three weeks later Crum and Maloney left their desk from the Continental steamer, where they were the guests of the representatives of the French, Russian and Italian governments.

"It is fortie this way," said Crum, much excited with his wine, as he gave Leon into the charge of the French officer who was to take him back to Paris for trial. "They will get what is coming to them at home—and they probably would get $50 and thirty days here.

"The odd thing about it is that woman. I'm worried about her. How did you happen to let her slip you?"

"Are you Inspector Crum?" came an agonized feminine voice from behind them.

Crum turned like a flash and saw Leon grinning at him from beside the burly French detective.

"Twas Leon, by all that's holy," he said. I thought her face was familiar—I'm going up town and kick myself."

"Your love affair is over, inspector," laughed Maloney.

A WEAK MAN

Is Your Brother; If Worry, Dissipation or Hard Work has worn you out; if the Strength and Vigor of youth or early manhood have unstrung your nerves and sapped your energy, if Lost Age has weakened your powers; or if Varicocele, Stricture, Nervousness, Impotency, Failing Vitality or Bladder or Kidney Troubles bother you at all, write to-day. I will tell you my home as a friend.

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

used one tablet at a time, three times a day, at home, or at your work, will in a few days make you a new man. Thousands of men all over the world, and certainly prompt you assure for the ruined by indiscretion or ill health, are made manhood. My successful career of eight years at the same old stand proves my reliability. I guarantee or fair. Think of the result—only 12 complaints out of as many hundred sold in 8 years, during which over 60,000 Week Knees of all ages were made strong, and thousand-order medicine business in the world built up. My Wonder-Workers are not poisons poison, and the price is only one dollar per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense. If you send $1 and it by mail sealed and prepaid. When you send order please mention this paper. Honorably your friend.

GEO. S. BECK, 144 Main St., Springfield, Ohio

Illus. Ans. S. Bushnell said: "There is no squarer man living than Geo. S. Beck."

Dr. J. A. West says: "I use Wonder-Workers on my practice. It's the best of all, and perfectly safe to use under any circumstances."

Thousands of cured men say, "best on earth."

A Loss O' London.

(Continued from page seven.)

May's grew white and red in a single second.

"This is my father's house," she said. "You forget yourself, my lady——"

"It is a house, Ignolin de! Where have you hidden the Frenchman wanted by the Queen?"

May, with clenched hands drew back a step.

"Where you will never find him!"

I could have clapped my hands at this, but I dared not; I knew that the climax had not yet come.

"I will choke the truth from you, wench!" roared Countess Kitty. "I'll make you wish your mother had never given you lige. Odds fish! but you're a nice dish-turner to defy one of my blood. I could kill you and I will."

The next instant and before Mistress May could lift a hand in self-defense the Countess was upon her with the fury of a vixen.

Her gloved hands shot straight at ——'s tender throat, there was a slight ——as they met there and then I ran to the rear of the house.

It was but a step, a spring, but the distance seemed a furlong to me.

In another second I had dashed open a little door and leaped across a semi-lighted chamber. Another door greeted me. I jerked it open and was upon the coveted scene.

The Countess of Bly held May against the wall underneath the heavy brass lamp and was literally choking the life out of her.

She was too much for the jeweler's child who had been taken unawares.

I must have let out a curse or a cry of some sort as I made my appearance in the room, for the maddened woman turned her head and caught sight of me.

But she did not release her tenacious grip on Mistress May's throat.

Forgetting that she was a woman, I darted fiercely at the Countess, tore her from her victim and, with a mad oath, hurled her across the room.

She would have fallen if she had not caught herself and in another moment she stood erect, the light of eternal hatred flaming up in her eyes like a torch of perdition.

"I knew you wench lied!" she cried, looking at me. "I would have choked the truth out of her or left her dead where she shudders now. But you have come? This is the way you repay me, is it? You are no better than the roaring candle-wasters of London. A De Bluy? I believe it not. You are but some disreputable hoaster from Gascony, discovered by your own family and born to the gutter or the gibbet. The wench over there shields you. I spurn you both! Make love while you may, Monsieur. Your hangnaking is while the sun shines. Your leash is short. Since you have repaid me thus, remember that there is the Tower and after it the block. I will be insulted by no rearer from across the Channel! No fringe-buckler shall lay hands on Kitty of Bly and boast of it to a jeweler's wench."

I heard her through with a growl, defiant curling of my lips.

The woman had unmasked herself and while I regarded her, with a quick glance at Mistress May, she turned on her silver-haired lover and stepped proudly from the room.

A dead silence followed her, broken by a shrill cry from my love.

"God's life! It means the Tower and the block!" she exclaimed and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms.

This strange and romantic story of the days of Queen Elizabeth, of love and bravery and extraordinary adventure, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading this story to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this thrilling story, as well as numerous other good and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in the best of all story papers. If the reader is a boy or girl and would like one of our King Cameras free, or if you are a woman reader and would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Forced Separation.

"One of the funniest things I have seen in all the time I've been on the road was the separation of a newly married couple by the breaking of a train on the way down to St. Louis a while ago," said a Chicago traveling man.

"We were going down on the Alton road and shortly before we got to Springfield the inferior half of the newly wedded pair strolled into the smoker. Dropping himself into a seat across the aisle from me, he commenced to praise the innumerable virtues of his wife.

"She was the finest little woman in the world, the cleverest, the handsomest, the best dressed and so on. And then he had to tell what they were going to do when they got to St. Louis. He became so excited during the narration of his story that he talked considerably louder than was necessary and every one in the car knew all about the woman back in the parlor car. He never heard the brakeman announce that the train was to be broken at Springfield and proceed to St. Louis in two sections. No one had the heart to tell him. And the little woman back in the train thought all was well.

"Shortly after we had left Springfield, Mr. Benedict ambled back toward the rear of the train in a leisurely manner, but when he discovered that the last half of the train was some miles behind there was something doing. He was thoroughly angry and stormed around, doing all sorts of unnecessary talking. He threatened to bring a damage suit against the railroad company, or to beat the head off the conductor and all the road officials. No one could pacify him. When we stopped at the next station the conductor wired the brids on the following train that her hubby would wait for her at Alton.

"How she stood for the long ride without her man we never knew, but it's altogether likely that she nearly cried her eyes out at the forced separation. As the first half of the train stopped at Alton, we all bade goodby to the unhappy groom and left him there awaiting the arrival of his bride."

Diplomacy.

"Sir," said the angry female, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street car in the middle of the block."

"Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the ready man. "It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motorman to make a stop like that."

Very Good.

Wilson—Saw Jackson when I was in Lonesomehurst.

Ellson—Indeed! Has he a good position there?

Wilson—He had when I saw him. He was sitting in the hammock with the daughter of the richest man in the village.

FREE—6 BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS—FREE

We will send any size of the following up-to-date Patterns **absolutely free** to every person who will subscribe to **The Chicago Ledger** for one year. These Patterns are the **best** made—they are accurate as to fit, and are the very **latest styles.** Full instructions for using them are printed on every pattern.

When ordering, be sure to give the number of each pattern wanted, also bust measure for waists and waist measure for skirts.

The price of **The Ledger** is one dollar per year—52 big papers at less than two cents each. Every week for a year you get the best story paper published. This **alone** is worth **twice** the price—and you get **Six Patterns Free,** if you send in your subscription, accompanied by one dollar, **at once.**

Address **PATTERN DEPT., THE CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**

5405 YOUTHS' OVERALLS 10 TO 16 YEARS
5371 ETON WITH GIRDLE 32 TO 40 BUST
5402 TUCKED ETON JACKET 32 TO 40 BUST
5400 FANCY MATINEE 32 TO 40 BUST
5363 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 42 BUST
5428 MISSES' BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 14 AND 16 YEARS
3086 BOYS' RUSSIAN BLOUSE FOR SUMMER DAYS
5426 LOOSE FITTING COAT 32 TO 42 BUST
5411 SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE 32 TO 42 BUST
5361 GIRL'S DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS
5428 BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT 2 TO 6 YEARS
5416 CHILD'S FRENCH DRESS 2 TO 8 YEARS
5415 CHILD'S PLAIN AND SHIRRED LINGERIE HATS. ONE SIZE
5360 MISSES' PRINCESSE SLIP 12 TO 16 YEARS
5433 MEN'S NIGHT SHIRT 34 TO 44 BREAST
5422 CLOSED DART-FITTING DRAWERS 22 TO 32 WAIST
5427 MEN'S OUTING SHIRT 34 TO 44 BREAST
5424 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 40 BUST
5425 FIVE GORED PETTICOAT 22 TO 32 WAIST
5413 NINE GORED CORSELET SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST

HAIR MOULTING

Human hair like bird's plumage is constantly falling out and being replaced. The cause of baldness is failure of nourishment to the roots. Where the roots of the hair have not perished, nervous tonic massage, Electrical applications can never do this; we do. Fight for the roots for our treatment with

HAIR-GRO

This is a pure vegetable compound, which by gentle yet active action, restores the hair. No more dandruff, falling hair, unsightly bald spots, but beautiful luxurious hair with Hair-Gro. Write today to Dept. 37 for free booklet telling how to secure the advantages of unsightly hair.

MICHIGAN CHEMICAL CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

LEARN to make wire and shell jewelry, catalog instructions and sample free. O. L. Coleman & Son, Dept. 103, Salem, Ore.

SCALES FOR FARMERS. Buy the cheapest and best. Detailed book for prices. Chicago Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

"WAS IT GRACIA'S FAULT?" Send and read this interesting book. It's free. Send out. Illustrated 16 cents. PETER MAYNE, Cannon Falls, Minn.

BOYS' SECRET SOCIETY. THE G. W. A., by Frederick Trap, tells how to organize and conduct a Secret Society. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address THE AGENTS STAR, C. W. A. OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE All Mail Readers. Send birth date and lock of hair. Name Wealth, Speculation, etc., plainly and correctly told. By ancient and scientific system. Send for free trial offer. Write to-day. Prof. Lewis, Box 1, Decatur, Ill.

WE EMPLOY LADIES to do easy fancy work. Steady employment. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for particulars, address ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA., 1 Enterprise Bldg., Phila., Pa.

MORPHINE and **WHISKEY ADDICTIONS** cured in ten days without pain. We give no "dope" substitutes to cure or use. Write us. CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM, Lebanon, Dept.B, Tenn.

LUNG DISEASE. I know of a medicine that will cure lung disease. It has been used by a physician of high standing for 30 years. Information about same free. Address E. E. C., Box 756, Jackson, Mich.

15,000 FERRETS 48-page Illustrated ferret book for 6c, killing how to breed and work on rats, useful animals, how ferrets clear buildings of rats, how they rabbit in fields, prices. Price 10c. Over Samuel Farnsworth, Middletown, Ohio.

BE AN ACTOR or ACTRESS. Both sexes. Big demand. Big salaries. In the motion picture business. Particulars free. Write today. Send stamp for portage, stationery, etc. Write for free book. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 235 Chicago Opera House Building, Chicago.

MEN--WOMEN WE HAVE IT! Very useful article. Up-to-date way always with you. Saves money. Saves worry. Guaranteed best to plain sealed wrapper for 25cents, silver, (Stamps ago and won't be children). One extra FREE if you send names of five friends. Mrs. Ira Wallace, Greenville, Mich.

Hand Written Cards

Your name on 1 doz. cards for 10c. Nice hand written copy. Address GEM NOVELTY CO., PALMYRA, PA., Box C.

MAN WANTED

In the REAL ESTATE BUSINESS. No canvassing or soliciting required. Experience unnecessary if honest, ambitious and willing to learn the business thoroughly by mail and become our local representative. Many make $200 to $500 monthly. Write at once for full particulars. Address

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
Suite 22, 32 Beckett Street, Washington, D. C.

COMPLETE COURSES IN

CIVIL SERVICE.

Our new book gives all information necessary to pass all U. S. Civil Service Examinations for Postal Service, Railway Mail, Customs Service, and all positions of $1,000 and $1,200 grade. Price, postpaid, only $1.50

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE,
315 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Before you buy a watch, ask HIM and send for our 1916 Watch Book. Write for it today. Ask for Watch Book No. 1 and Special Offer No. 1

WATCH AND CHAIN C.O.D. $3.75

Genuine 20 year gold filled case, guaranteed for 20 years, fitted with reliable 7 jewel movement and a correct timekeeper, with long Gold Filled Chain to match, both sent prepaid for $3.75 or sending 25 cents with order we will send watch and chain C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for Watch Book No. 1 and Special Offer No. 1

W. RAMSDEN & SON, 124 Dearborn, CHICAGO

MAP of the WORLD

25 cts Valuable reference map in full colors, on heavy paper, 42 x 64 inches. Size when folded for pocket, 4 x 6. Also mailed on cloth. Shows our island possessions, Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other features of Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea, and the Far East. Send on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago & North-Western Railway

MONEY

IN THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

Send 25c cents for 12 months' subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, the monthly magazine of up-to-date Poultry Journal published, and we will also send free Poultry Secrets. Chapter Lessons for the Beginner, which includes the following twelve lessons Sample copy free.

I.—Poultry House Construction.
II.—Selecting a Breed.
III.—Feeding.
IV.—Making or the Breeding Birds.
V.—Hatching, Natural and Artificial.
VI.—Care of the Chicks.
VII.—Summer Care of the Flock.
VIII.—Preparing for Winter.
IX.—Preparing for the Show Room.
X.—Winter Care of the Flock.
XI.—Poultry Diseases and Remedies.
XII.—Marketing Poultry.

Address COMMERCIAL POULTRY CO., Marseilles, Illinois

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

WHY?

I know a curious little boy,
Who is always asking why—
Why this, why that, why then, why now,
Why so, why by and by.

He wants to know why wood should swim,
When lead and marble sink.
Why stars should shine and winds should blow,
And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know what makes the clouds,
And why they come the sky;
Why sinks the sun behind the hills,
And why the flowers die.

He wants to know why winds should come
From out the hollow's nest;
Why pop-guns should go pop, and why
The ocean rolls and rolls.

He wants to know why fish have gills,
And why we cannot fly;
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout
And rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn,
But not a bit of stone;
How seeds get in the apple core,
And marrow in the bone.

He wants to know why ice should melt;
Why spiders eat the flies;
Why bees should sting, and why the yeast
Should always make dough rise.

Some of his whys are not too hard
To answer if you'll try;
But others, no one ever yet
Has found the reason why.

A QUESTION.

Little Stanley—Paw-uh! Mr. Bunyan—Well, my son?
Little Stanley—Paw, when a doctor is sick and calls in another doctor to him, is the doctor doctored the way he wants to be doctored or does the doctor doctor him just as he thinks he ought to be doctored?

Bob's Trip Through Mexico.

Never was there a fine looking boy than our Cousin Bob when we first saw him when he came up here fresh from a trip to Mexico with Uncle George.

You should have seen him! He had on a huge sombrero hat, close-fitting leather breeches that fastened by a strap under his shoes, and a short black velvet jacket. Folks stared at him with all their eyes, but we didn't care a bit, we were so proud of him—for he was handsome, I tell you!

The minute we could get excused from the luncheon table we rushed out into the summer house and begged Bob to tell us all about things down there where he had been.

"My! do all the men and boys dress in beautiful clothes like those you have on?" asked Helen.

"I see a lot of them do. The ones who are really typical Mexicans," said Bob. "But the way-up rich men, statesmen and that sort of things you know, they do not. They dress just as my father and yours dresses."

"What do the women wear?" asked Elma, who is grown up enough to notice even a good deal.

"Why, skirts and—and—" Bob looked puzzled. I think it was "kind of" mean, don't you? How can a boy be expected to describe how a woman dresses?

"I'll help you by asking questions," said Edna, finally. "Question number one—what do they wear on their heads?"

Bob brightened up.

"Oh! I remember," said he. "In the villages and on the streets in the large cities I saw ever so many women with a sort of hood on their heads, and it wound around and around their shoulders and hung down their backs like a scarf. I think they call it a rebozo. But I don't think the rich ladies dress any differently from the way Aunt Jennie and my mother dress."

"Oh! go ahead and tell us about other things," begged Jimmy, who didn't care a particle for silly matters like dress.

So Bob went ahead then and told us things just as they occurred to his mind.

"City of Mexico is a great place," said he. "It has a great many fine buildings and fine, up-to-date people, but just go around the corner and you find yourself all of a sudden in just as foreign a place as if you had stepped into a corner of Spain or Italy.

"Funny two-wheeled carts come slowly down the street drawn by oxen. Men walk along with sprinkling cans in their hands and sprinkle the street inch by inch, just as we sprinkle our little gardens.

"Then along comes a two-wheeled water cart, drawn by a donkey, carrying fresh spring water to customers' houses. And the driver either walks along beside the donkey or else rides on him.

"Go along a little way and maybe we come to a little wayside stream with a stony bottom. Here we will be sure to see women washing clothes and rubbing them clean on the smooth round stones. And then a little farther on you will see women kneading rolls of bread on flat stones preparatory to baking them.

"Maybe you don't know that there are two races of people there. That interested me ever so much. You see, originally the inhabitants of Mexico were Indians, but after the Spanish gold-seekers came and settled they married Indians, so there are a great many people with mixed Spanish and Indian blood. It is easy to see the Indian in their faces.

"There are lots of fullblooded Indians, and not many fullblooded Spaniards.

"The fullblooded Indians are the lowest class. Lots of them are poor and dirty and idle. They do nothing and let the squaws carry the papooses in their backs. And they smoke frightfully. Those Indians are called Aztecs.

"Five per cent of the mixed blood fellows are cowboys. And oh, they are great. You ought to see their sombreros. They have hanging ornaments on them as big as a row of coins up and down their trouser legs.

"They work on ranches, galloping around on their cow ponies, and earn about ten dollars a month with board and clothing. When they get to town they stand under young ladies' windows and sing to them, or talk a lot of moonshine. People call that 'playing beau.'

"Men are very courteous, not only to the ladies but to each other. They take off their hats when they enter any one's office, and when one meet each other they embrace as we girls would do. And every body uses pet names and says pretty things to everybody else.

"And they have the sunniest cats I ever saw. They are different colors and different prices, according to the color. If you want to have a very cheap ride, all you have to do is to look for a cab with a yellow flag, for the yellow-flag carriages are the cheapest.

"Next cheapest—in fact, just medium priced—are the red-flag carriages. These are the ones we used most. Only fools and rich people use the blue-flag carriages, so they say. Those are the highest priced cabs.

"People don't call a carriage by shouting, but by hissing or clapping their hands, like the Japanese when they call a servant. They always clap their hands, you know.

"Well, I've told you enough for one time. Now it's your turn to entertain me."

So we let Bob off for the time being, although we could have gone on listening to his talk about Mexico for hours.

And off we will want to the Zoo to show Bob the baby camel.

The Baker's Boy

Can you read this verse about the baker's boy? Each omitted word rhymes with the end word preceding it:

His cart is painted vivid red,
And filled with loaves of dough white ……
Our dainty neighbor, Mrs. Bowles,
He furnishes with crisp French ……
Now, poor dyspeptic Mr. Chafer
Is nibbling all an at oatmeal ……
He gives his head a gloomy shake,
At sight of rich and dangerous ……
But lets his healthy brute have free
Indulge in brown and yummy ……
While, for himself, he must be "sick it,
And mend his fare with oatmeal ……
Here comes the sorrowful mother,
And takes a goodly store of ……
Then Mrs. Puffin thinks to try
Apple ……, and flaky apple ……
And gladdens all the children's hearts,
And ends ordering another ……
And now some workmen at the packers'
Add to their lunch a box of ……

Smothered in a Glass Jar.

Charles Cecil Grant, aged 4 years and 3 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Parents in Independence, Iowa, was saved from death after one of the most thrilling accidents that ever befell a child. That he is alive now is due entirely to the fact that he fell head first into a large jar, the door of which had been left open by accident.

Charlie was left alone, playing in the back yard of his home, by Fred, his elder brother. From all he could gather, and from against the express orders of his parents, Charlie, in playing around the jar, upon a pile of large jars and, inspired by some Goyish inspiration to see if his head would fit into them, he stuck his head inside one of the largest. It was a close fit and the child, after a moment of triumph over discovering that he could get his head into the jar, discovered that he could not get it out. Panic stricken, he tugged and pulled, without result. His pressure were manifold. He was entirely stuck.

Wild with panic he arose, with the jar fastened tight around his head, and began to run around the yard. Finally, stumbling with exhaustion and nearly dead, he fell into the open cellar way. The jar was broken into a hundred fragments and after a few moments Charlie recovered from the shock and the exhaustion, crawled out of the hole.

When discovered the lad was so weak he scarcely could stand. He had been in a state of semi suffocation that the physician who was called to attend him decided the same could not be removed without danger to life. Gradually, however, he said the Charlie recovered from the effects of the suffocation within a few days and was at last taken like the wolf boy from the jar.

He escaped without serious injury, although broken in spirit. Such a shock is severe on the bridge of his nose.

Chinese Writing.

Take your father's cane in your hand and register the one you have chosen to step into the hall. All decide upon a rather short word, say "Aeon." You both order stand the vowels according to their regular order, a, one tap; e, two taps; i, three taps; o, four taps; u, five taps, and then a letter of the first word of every remark you make until the enters will be a one sounds of the word she is to guess, and the taps of the cane will be the vowels according to their order. As she enters, you begin writing with the cane all the different characters, as you have in mind. Chinese writing looks, and casually say, "Must I write fast?" Here she gets the "m." Then you make two heavy taps or dots with the cane as you write. This is the "e"; then she writes some writing, make one tap for the "a." Say, naturally, "I never knew anyone who could know how," and now she has the "i" to complete the word "meat." With a little practice it can seem very natural and very frequently very mysterious. Here is another word, "Chinese." Say, "I can write it fast, too fast." Make one heavy dot. Then say, "Be sure you watch me closely. After writing some more say, "Look close." Then make two dots and she has the word "italic." It is great sport.

Could't Find a Pair.

Frank had been sent to fetch a pair of mother's shoes from upstairs, and presently he came down with three shoes and no mother shoe.

"No, dear," said mother, "just run back and fetch a pair that are alike."

In a few minutes Frank returned with a very puzzled little face.

"Mother" he said, "there isn't a pair there. There's only two more old ones like these!"

They Say That—

The hair of vegetarians does not fall till the 60th year.

In Rome's cemetery over 1,000,000 people are buried.

The Greenland whale often lives 400 years. There are 20 kinds of patent horseshoes.

In Ireland it rains 208 days in the year.